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THE BLACK CAT'S REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE CLIPPER,

AND DEDICATED TO J. S. K.—BY SPARTACUS.

'Twas vigils of night an old black cat was keeping—
While stretched on his couch a brave heart was sleeping.
And the smile that lit up his calm, placid face,
Proved his soul to have flown to a heavenly place.
He whispered of love, and he sighed his request,
While his beating heart throbbed 'gainst an unsheltered breast;
He held a fair hand closely pressed within his—
And his lips gave the sound of a heavenly kiss.
"Oho!" says the cat, "your meat is all fat,
I'll alter your sharp to a horrible flat;
My coat was once sleek, and polished, and bright,
But your steaming has made me repulsive to sight;
My head you have broken, my legs are all chaps,
And my tail you will find in the mouth of your traps;"
And straight did begin, with a terrible din,
To wake echoes without, and the sleeper within.

Now the dreamer he throws his arms wildly about,
While his voice fills the room with a feverish shout;
He speaks of the foemen who thirst for his life,
And his heaving breast tells of a desperate strife.
He tries to escape, but he stumbles and falls,
With no friendly voice nigh him, to echo his calls;
Now his foes are upon him, he feels their hot breath,
And resolves to meet bravely the moment of death.
"Oho!" says the cat, "I have only a rat,
Where I once had my steak with it's streakings of fat;
At day I once slumbered on couches of silk,
At night helped myself to the choicest of milk;
But now I'm an outcast, and lonely I roam,
Since that demon who sleeps, has robbed me of home.
He may boast of his pranks, and slyly rejoice,
But he'll not sleep a wink within sound of my voice."

Now the sleeper awakened, tossed wildly about,
And tried to forget the wild discord without;
'Till rage in his breast had taken such root,
That he welcomed the voice with a taste of his boot.
The other soon follows, and then the boot-jack
Is not backward in taking a similar track;
The slippers with swiftness of malice now flee,
And find an abode in a neighboring tree.
"Oho!" says the cat, "Pray do fire your hat,
And let a few novels press close after that.
Oh! howl your lungs hoarse, and hiss while you may,
I'm out of your reach, and I'll yell here 'till day.
To-morrow you work, your books you must keep,
But this night shall not find you a balance of sleep.
Next night I return, and each night after that,
To sing you a strain from the *meaus* of the cat."

"4-11-44!"

OR,

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST VICTIM OF DEMON CHOLERA.

The curtain of our life-drama rings up on the wildest, darkest, and stormiest night that added a spoke to the wheel of time in the last month of the ever-to-be-remembered year 1832. Throughout the live-long day the snow and sleet had fallen thick and fast; and now, as the black tent of darkness overspread the firmament, the spirit of the wind, like a mighty madman, burst all shackles of restraint, and went raving up and down the cold, deserted streets, now shying scuttle doors like autumn leaves, anon in burglar fashion sinking to a moaning whistle, stealing up dark alleys, rendering drearier still the poor pariah homes of misery and want.

'Twas not to be restrained, this evil wind, when, Sampson like, it felt new strength arise to shake the pillars of the earth; but with the breath of pestilence upon its mighty wings went roaring through the Narrows far out on the stormy main, tearing sails of ships to tatters in its path, and strewing lesser barks like chaff upon its way, until the last fell spark of demon cholera was lost in ocean's awful depths, to scourge the world no more.

The cases of the dreadful plague for many days had been both few and far between. The monster well might be contented with the fearful havoc he had made, for every church yard in the city had been over glutted with his prey. Some streets where dwelt the suffering poor were decimated full as much as any of old, London town when visited by a like plague in 1666. But now the scourge was stayed, and New York City was recovering from the shock its fell advent had made (for winter had set in), when news went ringing far and wide that Lemuel Foster, the rich merchant millionaire, was stricken down.

John Smith, or Robert Jones, of Chapel street, or Cross, not one in thousands would have noticed as good measure thrown in to the scourge; but when it came to Lemuel Foster, the rich merchant prince of Battery Place, of course it was a different thing, and men began to think that their rejoicing had been premature, and wear an anxious look again. But fate ordained that cholera begun in hovels desolate with misery and vice, should fix his royal signet on a palace home at last; and little recked the demon whether his victim breathed his last upon a bed of straw or down.

The knockers of the stately mansion all were muffled close, and there was tan strewn in the street before the door to drown the jar of carriage wheels, if any were abroad upon this stormy night. The damask curtains of the downy bed are gathered far apart to give the dying patient air, and the great Doctor Parker Peps, with his gold watch in hand, stands anxious by, and notes the slightest change that steals upon the sick man's face. The gentle nurse is near to minister to any want the patient may require, but well she feels her office now is nearly past. From time to time she with a napkin bathes the sufferer's brow with camphorated water, to recall the fleeting breath, and there are many anxious friends who stand around rich Lemuel Foster's couch, who brave the tainted air of him who while a single spark of life remains could with a word make them the heirs of any portion of his giant wealth.

Yet one is absent from the throng that gather 'round the dying bed, and one for whom the patient's wistful glance has searched in vain all day—his only son and heir, the pride and joy of Lemuel Foster's heart, though he has ever been a wild and wayward boy. He has not been at home since morning, and the scourge attacked his doting father scarce three hours ago. Many times that parent in his earlier youth had counseled him to shun his evil ways, but to such admonitions Harry had been deaf to every thought of doing good; and on this sad and solemn night, when his fond father's dying blessing might have proved the richest boon on earth, behind a blooded team upon the Harlem road he and four other boon companions, wild and reckless as himself, make the night more hideous still with their shrill screams and bacchanalian songs.

The half-way house is reached at last. Another whiskey-skin all round. "Damn the expense. Who says Hal Foster ain't a trump, when he can make his Governor come down?"

"I believe you, Charley," said the flattered one, a handsome youth some twenty years of age, "and when I do get my clutch on the old boy's money bags, I'll make things dance. But then you see I have not got my indentures yet, and I'm a sort of an apprentice to old Midas, who sometimes cuts me rather short. However, landlord, there's a yellow boy that by the time it's gone will get us on a level drunk; and if it don't, I'll try and find another that I smouched from out the old man's pile."

"Why, you are tight as a brick now," responded Charlie, while the landlord, who knew his customers, slid the five-dollar gold-piece into his money drawer, with a complacent smile.

"Don't you believe a word of it, Charley Gilbert. When I can't stand more tods than you, I'll do as Falstaff says, take out brains, butter 'em, and give 'em to a dog for a New Year's gift."

"Well, give us a toast, Hal," said a young man of the party, known among his friends as fast Tony Clements, his right to that appellation having been acquired, as he expressed it himself, by having knocked the spots out of a large fortune in two years that his honored father had been ten times as long in getting together as a respectable tallow-chandler.

"Well, then, I'll give you the handsomest girl of fifteen summers that Manhattan Island can boast."

"Oh! come, come, Hal, that's piling it on too thick; come down a peg—there's a lot of handsome maidens in New York, you know, and every one must take the part of his own treasured fair one, like a true knight. If she is as handsome as you say, I'll swear my Celestine is her twin sister, and back my opinion to any reasonable amount. Give us an inkling of Paradise, Hal, before we touch glasses," said Tony Clements. "Pray begin."

"Well," exclaimed Harry, "she is the only daughter of a sea-captain's widow, who keeps a porter-house in Reade street."

"It's not very romantic on the start, anyhow," said Tony, with a laugh, in which the others joined.

"Who said it was, bully boy? Are you not aware that the brightest jewels are ofttimes discovered in the darkest mines? She has a neck that is as white as the driven snow."

"Go on, Hal, that's glorious to begin with."

"Eyes of a deep cerulian blue."

"Thunder, don't he cut it fat?"

"A face as handsome as ever painter hath imagined in his wildest dream, and such a round and lovely form that even Venus would grow jealous if she gazed upon the charming maid."

"Then Chapel street will go in mourning, Hal, unless your love has been bewitching your wits. How soon may your friends hope to gaze upon so bright and glorious a star worn on the breast of love's gay chevalier, the gallant Harry Foster?"

"Why, boys, to tell the truth, I'm doubtful how the game will go. She seems impregnable to jewelry and silks, and as yet I do not think that I have made the least impression on her heart."

"Then why not give us all a chance, and let the best man win? I'll sock a hundred with the landlord here, with equal show, that I will take the cake," said Charlie Clements.

"And I, and I, and I," shouted the others in a breath.

"As I am in for it, I won't back down—the bet is good. Now fill your glasses to the brim, and leave no heel-taps. Here's to the enchanting Sarah Harvey, the handsomest maiden the Empire City can boast."

The health of the young girl was drank by the roues, who had wagered on triumphing over her virtue, with three cheers and a tiger, and again were the glasses replenished with hot whiskey-skins all round.

"Are there any farther orders, gentlemen?" inquired the smiling landlord.

"What say you, boys," said Tony Clements, "for an hour's game. Venus is disposed of for the time being, and shall we flirt the papers, or chuck the dips at the shrine of Pluto?"

"I don't feel inclined for a game to-night," responded Harry, "our team is paid for by the hour, and there is more fun on the road than bucking against Faro, even though the night is a cursed dark and stormy one. Come, light your smokers, and let's strike a bee-line for the Bowery."

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" Jingle, jingle, jingle. How they send along, and shout out boisterous songs that startle ancient watchmen at their posts, who wonder who the deuce can ferret pleasure out on such a dreary night as this.

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The massive gold repeater of the skillful doctor Parker Peps denotes a quarter to the hour of ten, and he has condescended to inform the mourners by the sick man's couch that the patient may survive until the hour of twelve. Though the information has been given by the great physician in a whispered breath, the dying man has heard it, too; and with a longing, anxious look, he gazes 'round the room, as if in search of something he would find. The doctor knows his meaning well. 'Tis Harry Foster, for whom half the city has been searched in vain, to bring him to his dying father's bed.

"Bradshaw is always sure," the doctor murmured to himself. "Ha! there was a knock at the front door. Nurse, see quickly who's there."

The nurse stole softly from the chamber, and in a moment announced to the doctor in a whisper that it was Mr. Richard Bradshaw who desired to see him.

"I will not be a second absent," said the doctor to his patient, in a whisper. "The person I have sent for will find out your son within an hour, if he has not left New-York."

A smile flitted over the pale features of the dying man, and his white lips scarce audibly murmured one word—"Harry."

A man apparently some thirty years of age was waiting in the hall below. He had a look of firmness in his closely shaven face; and such a piercing eye, it seemed to read the one he talked with at a glance. His well-knit frame displayed unusual strength—the best of requisites for an able police officer.

"I believe I have the honor to address Doctor Parker Peps." The physician bowed. "I received your note half an hour ago. In what way can I be of service?"

Doctor Parker Peps briefly explained how Harry Foster had been missing since the hour of noon, and that his father would not die in peace unless he blessed his only son. Money would be no object in the case—five hundred dollars if the youth was at the mansion in two hours. "You know him, Bradshaw."

"Among a thousand; but I'd give a handsome sum to have another hour's start; say three."

"'Twill be too late—the case is desperate."

"What is the disease?"

"Cholera."

"I'll do my best," said the officer; and shaking the physician's hand, he drew his fur cap farther over his eyes, turned up the collar of his coat, and dashed out into the howling storm.

A carriage was standing near by Bowling Green, waiting for a call from some benighted traveller; but the driver, in hopeless desperation of getting a customer on such a night, had wrapped himself in his rubber coat, and gone to sleep on the box.

"Hallo here, wake up!" a voice sounded in the sleeper's ear; "Drive me to number —— Reade street in eight minutes, and you will earn two and a half like winking."

"No you don't, Dickey Riker," said the one addressed, shaking himself like a great water dog. "You can't come that gammon over Slim Jim, Mister Bradshaw. I might make two and a half to-night, but where would my license be in the morning?"

"You forget when you charged the Yankee twenty-five dollars for toting him from the Philadelphia boat to the Globe hotel. But this is an affair of life and death, and perhaps, if you are a good boy, you will earn as much to-night in an honest way. I will ride on the box with you, for I shall have to look all ways at once. There," he added, as he mounted the coach box, "it's five minutes past ten. You have got a fine pair of horses; now put 'em through."

Slim Jim, knowing that he was on the safe side of the law, lashed his team, and they rattled up Broadway on a full run.

"Burglary, or shoving queer?" said Jim, interrogatively.

"I tell you what it is, Jim, that black nag of yours is a trump. What was the figure you paid for him? I don't think I ever saw a better one."

"You might post a fellow what lay you are on, Mister Bradshaw; I won't split."

"I don't intend you shall, dear James; (was that a young man sneaking along there?) I'll give you a piece of advice; when you go a fishing, don't try for flat fish."

"What then?" said Jim.

"Bob for whales. Ah! here we are—Reade street. Now, James, keep steady for one moment while I bid the widow Harvey the time of night. I think it's more than likely you will earn the twenty dollars that I spoke about."

So saying, the officer dismounted from the coach-box, and entered the saloon that Harry Foster had depicted to his companions as containing the Venus of the Empire City. There were no guests on the present occasion, and the widow, a fine-looking, portly woman, was about closing her establishment as Bradshaw entered.

"Why, Dick," she exclaimed, "is it possible? I have not seen you in a dog's age; (shaking hands with the officer like an old friend) what brought you here on such a stormy night?"

"Something of the utmost importance, Mrs. Harvey. But I am wet to the skin; so mix me a hot whiskey skin as quickly as possible, and while you are stirring the muddler I will explain. You know young Harry Foster?"

"Certainly," replied the widow, as she handed Bradshaw his drink.

"He is a wild, rakish sort of a fellow, I take it?"

"True enough," said the widow, "but youth must have time to sow wild oats; besides, he is so very rich."

"Ah! I have some times thought—now don't feel offended Mrs. Harvey—"

"Not a bit; we are old friends."

"That he was sweet on your handsome daughter Sarah."

"Well, there is many a true word spoken in jest, Dick, and though I may have a mother's feelings about the matter, I think my daughter would not disgrace her position as any man's wife. Why, it was only this afternoon that Harry was here and urged her to take a sleigh ride out on the road, and she would have accompanied him but the weather was so stormy; but you are not going so soon, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"Yes, I must be off as the fly said when he lit on the mustard pot; business is imperative; but I will call soon again. By George, that is the best whiskey skin I have tasted in a month. Good night, Mrs. Harvey."

"Good night," responded the widow, highly flattered.

Why of course he is on the road, muttered the officer to himself, and may be at the half way house engaged in fighting the tiger. I have got exactly one hour and twenty-five minutes. "Wake up, Jim. Why, damn me, I believe you would take a comfortable nap to the tune of a jolly earthquake or some lively game of that sort. Here it is raining cats and dogs, and you snoring away like the seven sleepers. Now just charge me yank fare, and set me down at the half way house on the Harlem road in fifteen minutes; and allow me to add if there is any hackman in New York that thinks he can take down your team, I'll just bet him my pile he can't come it."

Jim was all alive on the instant, and feeling that there was something by Bradshaw's manner that did not admit of delay, he lashed his team to their utmost speed. Up Chatham street and through the Bowery they continued on at a break neck pace until they reached the Third Avenue.

The storm still continued, and most of the stores that lined that great thoroughfare of the east side of the town had been closed at an earlier hour than usual, and none of the theatres paid expenses on the night when cholera took its flight from the city.

"Keep the centre of the street, Jim, and be careful how you drive, now, my boy, for every thing ahead seems as dark as a stack of black cats. Nice night for a sleighing party on the road, I don't think; we shall overhaul them on bare ground if the rain don't hold up precious soon."

"Overhaul who? Mister Bradshaw," inquired Jim.

"The people I am after. Jim, I don't mind giving you a valuable piece of information. Its a great pity your education was trifled with; now it is my private opinion you would have made an excellent lawyer."

"Why so?" said Jim, deferentially.

"Because you are such a prime hand at cross questions. By Jupiter, that is the sound of sleigh bells, and I believe the jig is nearly up. Hallo there," he added, as the parties met.

The salutation was scarcely heard by the inmates of the sleigh, for they were making the air ring with the chorus of a bacchanalian song. But "Hallo yourself" was the immediate reply from one of their number.

"Hold up, for a moment," said Bradshaw. "You are the very young man I want to see on an affair of life and death. Keep a taut rein, Jim, while I dismount and explain;" and the officer communicated to Foster in a whisper the terrible affliction impending over him.

Harry Foster was sobered in an instant by the news the officer imparted to him. "Good God," he exclaimed aloud, "can it be possible that my father is dying, and I on a drunken spree? Officer, I will go with you on the instant."

Harry's companions were too much astonished to utter even an exclamation of surprise at the termination of their carousal. The team of Slim Jim was turned in an opposite direction, and they started off at their fastest gait down the Third Avenue. This time the officer took a seat inside along with him he had been so earnestly in search of for the last two hours. Not a word was exchanged by either of the parties on their midnight journey, and they rolled through the quiet streets at such a furious speed that when they reached Bowling Green the sides of Slim Jim's steeds were covered with lather, and the breath from their nostrils seemed like steam from a boiling cauldron. It wanted ten minutes of twelve as Harry Foster entered the paternal mansion. He had arrived barely in time to see his father breathe his last. Doctor Parker Peps had never ceased for an instant during the search to administer words of comfort and hope to the dying man, and Officer Bradshaw had done wonders in being equal to the emergency of the case.

The chill damp of death was on Lemuel Foster's brow, and its fearful rattle had set in as his son, breathless, pale and haggard, entered the room. He recognised his darling son, and uttering in choking tones, "Harry," fell back a corpse. The demon cholera had found his last victim in the princely mansion of a wealthy New York millionaire, and Harry Foster, prone to every vice, even to that dastardly crime at which devils laugh and the holy angels weep—the destruction of innocence and virtue, and who that very night had wagered to accomplish his purpose with the most beautiful girl the Empire City could boast—had fallen heir to one million two hundred thousand dollars.

Harry Foster was the fortunate possessor, as the world surmises, of the silver spoon, that with prudence and care would have proved of the greatest benefit to him in the battle of life, and we must now turn to one who, born in the shadow of poverty and want, comes in for the wooden ladle; and the reader will be able to solve in the end whether it is better to be born lucky than rich.

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At the period of our story there was one street in the eastern side of the city, stretching from the river to Grand street, that, for a long period, had proved an eye-sore to the moralists of the age. The Hook, as it was called, was, to say the least, as notorious as the Five Points; and, it was found by the statistics of the police courts, could turn out an equal share of counterfeiters, burglars, sneak thieves, and desperadoes of every grade and kind. With the exception of an occasional grocer's, or druggist's, the whole thoroughfare was lined with houses of ill fame. There, lust and sensuality held unbounded riot, and victims from the rural districts, or sea-faring men were robbed of their hard-earned gains with impunity, and the malefactors were scarcely ever brought to justice, for the whole vicinity seemed like a safe retreat for every crime. It was there that the notorious Slap Parker first introduced the robbing-game of thimble rig, he having received his education into the mysteries of the little joker by a London sharper who had escaped to this country from the hulks of Van Dieman's Land. It also was in this classic vicinity that Dick Curley, afterwards sent to Sing Sing for life, brought out the ring dropping-game, which was improved on a few years later by an oyster boy of Washington Market, known as Crabbe, who amassed considerable money by finding well-stuffed wallets at the heels of honest pedestrians. At the period we speak of, the police were but indifferently organized to protect an unsuspecting man from the wiles of sharpers who lay in wait at every groggery thereabouts, to pick up flats to invest their money on pick of the loop or sweat cloth, while a greasy pack of cards was ready, half or full stocked, to ring in on the dupe at a sociable game of seven up. Such was the state of things among the muck and mire of Walnut street, where, often, a poor sailor saw the hard-earned wages of a three years' cruise go in as many hours; where, if he grumbled at his fate, he was beaten by the pimps without mercy, and kicked into the street, or plied with drugged liquor until he forgot his misery, and when he returned to consciousness would find himself far out of the Narrows, on a voyage to China or the North sea, the landlord having sold him to bondage as much as if he was a negro slave, without fear or favor of the law.

In a bleak garret of one of the vilest tenements of the out-cast neighborhood we speak of, an old and haggard woman, clad in miserable rags, crouches over a shred of fire that does not serve to take the chill off of the miserable room. She occupies a broken chair, and that and a pine table, with a bundle of straw in a corner of the apartment, are the only articles of furniture in view. Hugging herself together, she shivers with cold, and croons over the air of some old song, pausing ever and anon to listen if there is a footstep on the stairs. The wind is still high, and moans around the crazy building like a human being in distress. At length she breaks off with an impatient gesture, and mutters bitterly:—

"It's a cussed evil night for poor starving folks like me, but if it strikes him with flood or fire I shall feel content. He rolls in gold, while I am starving for a crust; and my beautiful daughter, Susy, too, his child as well as mine, he cast her and me to the winds; but they say he worships his boy, and all because a mouthing priest blessed his union with another, my hated rival, when I was fairer, younger, handsomer than she. Is there no plague of storm and fire to reach him in his lofty pride? If not, the world's a lie, and curse it evermore; and yet my handsome girl may prove his equal at the last. I've had the self-same dream three nights, and people who are wise say dreams like that come true. The numbers are imprinted on my brain in hues of living fire, 4—11—44. Maybe my Susy yet will ride in her coach, lost, fallen as she is at this sad hour, and his proud-pampered son come to a beggar's lot. Ha! ha! it is a merry thing to make the worst of devils laugh—a sister sells herself about the streets to buy a crust of bread; the brother—ha! what's that; the wind? No; it's a step upon the stair—not Susy's. In the devil's name, come in, who ever you may be; you'll find there is but little here to beg, to borrow, or to steal."

A thick-set man, some thirty years of age, and of a well-knit frame, and dark complexion, was the old hag's visitor. His features were not prepossessing, for his nose was flattened nearly to his face—an accident of years gone by—but there was an air of honesty and candor about his general bearing that made full amends for that misfortune. He had a basket with him, and on which the old woman cast a wistful glance.

"Lonely to-night, good mother Paine?" he uttered in a cheery way, as he deposited his burden on the table. "The wind has been kicking up a thundering spree out doors, and if Tan Keeder's honest word is worth a damn, there will be hell to pay before to-morrow comes, out on the sea. I have not seen as rough a night since old Consumption Jake broke Wallace's roulette by running nineteen times upon the double 00. That was the time that the boys all thought the day of Judgment had come, sure."

"My dream! my dream!" croaked old mother Paine. "Would to God it was only true."

"What dream, mammy?" inquired the visitor.

"Tan, you have been a good friend to me and mine, and I know you will keep my secret; for three nights running I have had the same vision. I thought I bought a ticket in the great lottery, and it drew the capital prize."

"Poh! stuff and nonsense, mammy. It's my opinion that all the lottery and policy games are a big swindle to rob poor people of their hard earnings. Why, I have known you, mammy, (though I don't mean to reproach you,) to buy policy after policy, and to raise the means to do so, you pawned everything you had about the shanty. Now, did you ever win anything worth while?"

"Never, Tan," she moaned; "but then, you see, my luck had not come yet."

"Why, when is it to come, mammy, if not now, when, by the looks of things, you seem to need it most? It won't be much use to have luck after you are dead and buried. Don't feel put out, mammy, but I am afraid if my wife was to happen to forget you for a week, we should have the jolly old coroner here, and the newspapers (I'm glad I don't know how to read) would patch up a verdict about the dispensation of Providence, or some such gammon; but you can rest assured, mammy, we will never forget you as long as we have a roof over ourselves."

"Tan," said the old woman, eagerly, while her eyes sparkled, "don't you recollect old Joe Caul, the wood sawyer (many's the load he sawed for me in better days); he won the capital on a dream not half so strong as mine—a hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, mammy, you and I have not got brains to calculate how many damned fools, shillings, and quarters it took to make up that pile. Besides, who knows but what he was in with the game to make a show for the lottery folks. I don't begrudge him his luck, anyway," added Tan, with a laugh, "for I've seen his ugly mug staring out of every lottery shop on Broadway, and I'll swear that I'm a better looking man than him, any day."

"Don't joke, Tan; don't, for the love of Heaven. It's not for myself that I want to win. It's for my Susan—my pretty daughter. She shall have all; yes, every penny. I am contented to live upon a crust and go in rags, so she can dress in silks and laces, so help me God! Oh! Tan, you have kept me from starving for many a day!—one favor more—loan me a sum sufficient to buy the ticket, for the numbers even now flash through my brain in streams of living fire."

"What numbers, mammy?" said Tan, as he gazed on her in wonder, thinking her misfortunes had upset her mind.

"4-11-44."

"Why, those are what the darkeys all buck at, so I have heard," said Tan. "Do you think, mammy, nigger luck's the best to follow up?"

"No matter, Tan. I tell you that I've dreamed the dream three times, and they will come now as sure as death, that never lied to mortal man."

Tan mused a moment. Though known as a fighter—one ready to take a hand along in any scrimmage that turned up—no one could say a word against his honesty, and all allowed, from Walnut street to Water, that his word was sacred as his bond. He had done many generous actions in his life, and he resolved to do one now.

"Mammy," he said, "here is the sum that you require. Do with it what you please, but it's my advice that you will buy a ton of coal, and something that will dress you warm and comfortable, rather than spend it on a set of sharpers who live on their wits."

So excited was mother Paine, and overjoyed, that she kissed Tan's hand, and would have fallen on her knees to bless him, but he held her up like a true man, with the remark, "No thanks, mammy, no thanks. It all comes and goes in a man's life time."

There was another footstep heard upon the stairs, and this time the face of the old woman lighted up, for she recognised the step of her pretty daughter, Susan. As she entered, Tan busied himself in taking some articles out of the basket and placing them on the table.

The mother hobbled from the only chair to make room before the fast fading fire, for the young girl was shivering with cold, and her dress—a thin gauze one—was wet and draggled at the bottom with the mire of the street.

With a brief "How are you, Tan?" and a nod of recognition to her mother, she sat down, and, with folded hands, gazed into the whitening embers without uttering another word.

She was tall and finely formed, and her features would have been of the most startling beauty had not want and dissipation set their iron signet there. Only seventeen, and for three years a wanderer on the pave—the moral city of New York can boast of a thousand cases like to her's. Tan took his leave, and with another brief "Good night," she meditated on. The mother never cared to interrupt her handsome Susan in such moods. At length she raised her head, and with a bitter laugh, exclaimed:—

"Mother, I've heard news to-night."

"What news, my Susy, deary?"

"He is dead."

"Who, darling?"

My fa——the man you told me I must always hate—the sweet revenge we lived for, as you said—and now the farce is over, I suppose we can lay down and die."

"Susy, darling," cried the hag, as she seized her daughter by the arm, "the news is as good to me as if I owned the ticket that I dreamed about, and all the numbers had come out. Only this night I cursed him, both with fire and flood. How did you learn about it, Susy dear?"

"Bradshaw, an hour ago, was searching through the cribs to find a man who had been shoving queer. He came to Clark's, and I was dancing there 'till after one o'clock. You are aware he knows our history, and he said to me in a voice of kindness,—'Susan, go home to-night.' 'Why, Mr. Bradshaw?' I inquired; 'I have not been doing anything wrong.' And then he said—'I know it, Susan; but Lemuel Foster, the rich merchant, died an hour ago, with cholera, and you best go home.'"

"Curse him, in this world and the next!" said the old woman, bitterly.

"These are my mourning clothes, mother," said the girl, clutching at her dress. "Ha! ha! ha! the daughter of a millionaire. I wonder how high my proud brother, who has never known me, will carry his haughty head now? But I am hungry; give me food. I did not feel like earning it to-night, mother; I'll pay you another time."

The daughter ate voraciously of the viands brought by Tan Keeder, but the mother tasted not, for she could only think of her former paramour and "4-11-44."—To be Continued.

A Sporting Donkey.—A few days subsequently to the lawn meet at Hampton Court, the Herefordshire fox hounds threw off at St. Oenards, and after a capital run of from fourteen to twenty miles, the last three of which afforded a splendid course in the open, killed their game in gallant style. But beyond the ordinary interest and excitement of the chase, the day's sport had something of a truly ludicrous character about it, arising out of the following circumstance:—Scarcely had Reynard been put afoot to the music of the hounds, than an exceedingly novel "sporting character" made his appearance in the no less distinguished guise than that of a donkey, belonging to Mr. Jones, of that place. This animal made his *entree* into the field with a sort of magical celerity that the superstitious would have at once put down as Satanic, and possibly with some show of reason, for the devil certainly seemed to have taken possession of Jack. Down he came, ears erect, tail extended, and in the very height of assinine excitement, clearing hedges, ditches, and any other obstacle that came in his way, in a perfectly marvellous manner, or failing to clear anything knocked it down with the power of a battering-ram. So unexpected and so droll a companion naturally excited the greatest merriment, and more than one gentleman endeavored to dissuade him from participating in the sport, but Jack became more resolute, and would not be done. Bespattered with dirt, and in a soapy state of perspiration, he still persevered, keeping close up with the hounds, and in many instances rendered good service to the juvenile sportsman by "showing him the way" over or through the hedges, as the case might be. Thus he continued crossing ditches, brooks, and fences, until the tally-ho! which preceded the death, was given. In the gallop across the three-mile open, it may be said that Jack, in his exhausted state, had scarcely a fair chance with his equine friends, but a more game animal never cropped a thistle, and singular to relate, his pluck was rewarded by a third place at the finish. As the song says—"His joys were in the chase;" for as soon as Reynard was dispatched by the hounds, Jack stopped to see the wind-up; and, after blowing for awhile, wheeled about with a sort of philosophic indifference as to what would follow, and after a fifteen mile burst, slowly jogged home.

A Queer Game of Poker.—A majority of our readers have no doubt heard of draw poker, straight poker, freeze out poker, bean poker, twenty deck poker, and many other kinds of poker, but we very much doubt if they ever heard of *quail* poker. Well, we have. Not many weeks since, the steamer *Gem*, or *Victor*, we have forgotten which, not being able to get far away from her landing at Red Bluff, on the Sacramento, Cal., anchored out in the middle of the stream, until the wind should die down. One of the *attaches* of the boat, and a gentleman, a scholar, a judge of fine whisky, and a good Union man at that, had a large lot of quails, some twelve or fifteen dozen, on board, taking them below on a speculation. Finding that they would hardly keep five or six days, he proposed to some of the passengers, who were residents of Tehama and vicinity, that they should get up a game of *draw*, buy his birds, and have a quail *ante*. No quicker said than done. One of the members of the Board of Supervisors, a lawyer, a doctor, and a saloon-keeper, composed the party. At first the game ran along pretty even, the quail *ante* not being heavy enough to injure any man's pocket. But as the night waxed later, the betting became more exciting. Finally it came to the saloon-keeper's time to deal, and Doc., sitting next the dealer, went into quails blind. The *keards* were duly shuffled and dealt, as only the saloon-keeper knows how to deal them. On raising the hands, the member of the legal fraternity, finding a *par* of feminines, went in and saw the blind. Ditto with Mr. Supervisor, who raised a *par* of legs. As a matter of course, Mr. Saloon-keeper being an old hand at the business, and having the advantage of the deal, also came in with his four, and raised the blind, five quails. The Doctor made his blind good, and saw Saloon-keeper's five birds. Ditto Lawyer, ditto Supervisor. The discarding was done, and each man got the number of cards called for. All passed up to the dealer, who *knowing* he had the party beat, made a small bet of five birds. Doc. called him; ditto Lawyer and Supervisor. Down came the hands, and just as we expected, and being a good crib player, Mr. Saloon-keeper raked in the game on two small pairs of fives. So ended the quail poker game.

A Nice Trotter.—A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind. "That's a beautiful mare you are on," said Sheridan. "Do you think so?" "Yes, indeed! how does she trot?" The creditor, highly flattered, put her in full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

Don't See It.—"The arrangements of nature are admirable!" exclaimed a young lassie, during the late high wind. "The same wind which disarranges our crinoline, blows dust in the eyes of the wicked young men who would take advantage of our confusion. Philosophical young lady, that!

"Apt Alliteration's Artful Aid."—The following dialogue was spoken in Virginia a few days ago:—Colonel—"Major, what did you discover with that glass near that clump of trees?" Major—"A regiment of ragged rascals revelling round the rebel rag, sir."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. J. S., Norwich.—The fight between Heenan and Sayers having been decided a draw, neither party came into possession of the belt. Sayers then retired from the ring, and the championship remained to be fought for by whomsoever might aspire to the honors. The first who contended for the belt after Sayers withdrew, were Sam Hurst and Tom Paddock; Hurst won the fight, and therefore became champion. He was then challenged by Jem Mace, and the fight took place on the 18th of June, 1860, Mace winning in eight rounds, occupying 38 minutes, and gaining the champion laurels. Thus it was that the Belt came into his possession.

H. K. Coxsackie.—The rules of forty-fives are not well defined, and depend much on the customs of the place or circle. To rob with the King is not, properly speaking, a part of the game, but an innovation; if allowed, however, the custom is, so far as our experience goes, for the party holding the King of trumps to lay out a card, and if the Ace is not out, or played out for, to take up the trump card after the play has gone once round. Should he not conform to this rule or custom, he should lay down his hand, as the penalty.

Nearly Seventeen.—There are as good and respectable people in the theatrical profession as can be found in any other class of society. Your friend is doubtless one of those poor, ignorant devils, who can see no good outside of their own immediate circle. If you cannot argue without "hitting out," you had better have nothing to do with your disagreeable and "over moral" acquaintance. Drop him.

A. and B., Boston.—1. The Warrior has not yet had such a trial, and it is not safe to say what wonders she may be able to accomplish until she has been tested. 2. She is not faster than any American vessel. 3. The Persia has made the best ocean passage. 4. The Monitor mounts two 11-inch guns only. 5. We cannot give you the weights.

Berkley Game, Jersey Shore, Pa.—1. The method for you to adopt to keep your walk pure, is to abolish all other fowls, and select those of the largest and strongest bone for breeders, in order to prevent degeneration. Procure Hoyle's, or Richardson's works, both of which contain information that will prove serviceable to you.

H. A. A., Cleveland.—1. Such a match was in contemplation, but no definite arrangements have yet been made, calculated to bring things to a focus. 2. The "provincials" certainly had the best of us in the late tournament, and we cannot say that we regret it, for such gentlemanly and agreeable players deserve all the success they have met with.

C. B. R.—We have no letter for you. The tax bill says that "Theatres, under which term is included every place or edifice, not including halls or rooms rented for concerts or exhibitions, where dramatic or operatic representations, plays or performances are exhibited, shall pay a licence of $100 each."

P. B., Manch Chunk.—A lady did ascend at the time mentioned, but she was not killed. Her name was Miss Bradley, and when the balloon had reached the height of one mile, it burst; the lower part, however, formed into a parachute against the netting, and the lady reached the earth in safety.

H. V. D., Lansingburgh.—1. The first paper ever published in the United States was issued on the 24th of April, 1704, by John Campbell, (a Scotchman,) at Boston, and called "The News Letter." 2. The best game fowls are raised in England. 3. That is an open question.

Subscriber, Hermitage, Pa.—A statement signed by both parties would be the more proper mode to bring the dispute before us for settlement. The judges who officiated at the main, however, should decide as to the winner, without any outside interference.

Justice, Buffalo.—A contradiction, by authority of the lady herself, appeared in our last. Your's, therefore, is unnecessary at the present time. Should "Non-Professional" offer evidence in support of his accusations, then yours will appear.

Bull Run.—Hickman was not killed in a fight, but met his death in returning from the fight between Hudson and Shelton. He was thrown from a wagon, the wheels of which passed over his head, killing him instantly.

Subscriber, Bordentown.—Now we cannot decide who is the greatest general. Wait until the war is over, and then you can get a better idea of their respective abilities than you can at present. Make it a draw.

W. L., Palatine, N. Y.—1. The Christian name of the father of the present Emperor of the French was also Louis Napoleon. 2. The present Emperor had two brothers, but we cannot state their names positively.

D. B. Beemer, White Water, Wis.—We are not acquainted with the process, but by addressing a line to Halsted & Ackerman, 103 Liberty street, you may be able to obtain the information.

F. Whipp, Manches, Wis.—The book was duly forwarded. Newspaper and book mails are slower than letter mails, generally, which will probably account for the delay.

Hawkins Zouave, Roanoke-Island.—You lose the wager. Flora Temple has never made a mile in two minutes eighteen and a half seconds. Her best time is 2:19¼.

Amateur.—It is very likely that both gentlemen have appeared in the parts named. It is impossible for us to keep a complete list of all performances.

Charlie.—Well, the battle was not renewed, which is just what we stated. The reason for the failure to come together, we cannot call to mind, at present.

T. T., Sharon, Pa.—1. Cricket bats from $3 to $5 each, balls $3, set of stumps from $2 upwards. 2. Procure Beadle's Dime Cricket book, which contains the rules.

J. B., Po'keepsie.—Give us an idea of your game, and we can then understand what is wanting. There is nothing difficult about the game, if it is the same we have played.

Wash.—Mickey Warren informs us that the time occupied in his dance with Hank the Mason, in Howard street, was about two hours and a half.

Hiotoge, Iron City.—It took place on Nov. 7th, in 1859, in this city, for $300 a side, and was drawn by mutual consent, after a contest of four hours and six minutes duration.

H. B. W., Philadelphia.—No arrangements have yet been made for the proposed convention, and no delegates have yet been selected.

F. M. Rice, Chicago.—If there was no money pending, the result of the game, they cannot molest you. *That* would be carrying things a "leetle" too far.

Darby, Philadelphia.—The keel of the Wabash was laid in October, 1854; and she was launched in about one year thereafter.

Inquirer, Baltimore.—You are not compelled to trump, when you have not the suit led; you can play any card you prefer.

Inquirer, Detroit.—If you mean in this country, there is only one other, which, we presume you know is issued here.

Sporter, Jamestown, N. Y.—Two dollars will cover the cost of the article, and express charges.

Monitor, Philad'a.—The hand you held counts as a straight, and you lose the bet.

R. E. B., New Philad'a.—Some of them have been published. Address H. Waters, 481 Broadway.

F. C., Cleveland.—It is an advertisement, and should be paid for as such.

Worcester.—It is probable that the tune referred to was the "Sprig of Shillelagh."

F. C., Fortress Monroe—All right. We have since mailed a London letter to your address.

Constant Reader, Toledo.—We know of none fitting out for Europe this season.

C. C. L.—Mr. Eddy was manager of Niblo's Garden during the Spring of 1859.

T. W. P., Toronto—It would not be advisable for you to come here at present; the season will close in a couple of months.

J. H. B., Biddeford.—*We* don't know—it is an art not known to outsiders.

Harry H. S., Coburg.—Received, in good condition. Thank you.

W. Scott, Boston.—Foley and Kavanagh are both of Irish birth.

Ashland, Baltimore.—Received too late for publication.

J. M., Toronto.—The article was mislaid in the interim.

An Unbeliever, Milwaukee.—See answer to "Justice."

Hal Hotapur.—Received, and filed for examination.

Ned Price.—All right. Letter forwarded.

A. H. M.—Kay-a-nah.

Heenan and Mace.—By this time, doubtless, Heenan and Mace begin to understand each other's intentions, and the champion of England has probably had an opportunity afforded him to "get on" a match with the Benicia Boy. Of course, it is not Mace's place to issue a challenge—he is the recognised champion of England, bound to accept all legitimate challenges, and uphold his claims to the Belt against all comers, "foreign or domestic." Our London correspondent intimates that Mace and King have had a falling out, and do not pull together any longer in double harness. We hope, if this rumor is correct, that it is not a preliminary move toward a fresh match between those two with a view to shut the door against Heenan, rumors of whose intended departure for England were rife in certain circles in London a few weeks back. It is barely possible that we may learn of Heenan's arrival out, in time to announce it in next week's Clipper. The people here are quite anxious upon the subject, and the news by every foreign arrival will be looked for with deep interest.

THE PASTIMES OF THE SEASON.

During the past few weeks there has been, we are glad to observe, an excellent disposition manifested to participate in outdoor recreations. At those beautiful and picturesque base ball and cricket grounds, the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, there have been good rallies of the members of the various clubs, and upon one or two afternoons a numerous assemblage were gratified spectators of the practice matches of the clubs. The Mutual, Eagle, Gotham, Jefferson, Empire, Alpine, etc., have made their preparatory moves; they will all be early in the field, and in grand display in regard to members and efficiency. Several matches are on the tapis, between our crack clubs, which will, doubtless, be carried to an early and successful termination. In Brooklyn, the Stat, Exercise, Charter Oak, Eckford, and Atlantic clubs, are evincing a great deal of spirit and activity, which is certain to result in an extremely lively base ball campaign in the City of Churches.

The members of the New York and Brooklyn Cricket Clubs are holding their annual meetings, electing officers, and rendering their organizations firm and sound; so that they can "pitch their wickets" bright and early for the contest of 1862. The associations who support and foster this ancient and honorable sport, will, we are confident, perform a generous quota towards rendering the season a memorable one.

Among our Boat Clubs there is also the same commendable activity and *esprit du corps*, and we notice with gratification that our amateur rowing clubs act as if they were determined to enjoy themselves, and add to the Empire State's justly-won renown in the world of oarsmanship. The Atalantas, in their eight-oared barge, and in their four-oared shell Excelsior, have enjoyed one or two little "shake ups" on the Hudson, just to assure themselves that they had not forgotten their good old "stroke." The Waverly, Aurora, and Atlantic boys are all ready, and only waiting for some sunshiny afternoon or bright night, to hear the joyful commands from the coxswain of *Oars—out—give way!* The saucy blue-jackets of the Gulick Boat Club have "shown" in their fine six-oared out-rigger, and their style of pulling satisfied us that during the Ice King's sway, they had not lost any of their admitted science of oarsmanship. The Gulicks are all members of Hose Co. No. 11, and they are a credit to the department.

In the yachting world, everything is of a joyous and bright hue, the near approach of the New York Yacht Club's Annual Regatta making "all hands" busy enough. As this aquatic event takes place early in June, it will serve as an inauguration of the yachting pastime of the United States. It being the pioneer and parent club, the younger associations take their cue from it, and immediately follow suit with their sailing contests and gala days. It will be remembered that a number of the yachts of the N. Y. Y. C. were placed, by their owners, at the disposal of the government, who converted them into miniature men-of-war. Two of them, the *Henrietta*, the property of Jas. G. Bennett, Jr., of this city, and the *Hope*, owned by Mr. Ives, of Providence, R. I., have performed faithful duty for many months past, in our own and Southern waters. But we have written enough to illustrate that our various clubs are in a progressive and healthy state, and only need that encouragement from the public to which they are entitled, to become fixed and permanent institutions of the land.

Athletic amusements are coeval with the earliest days of the world. Conducive to health, and promotive of cheerfulness, they supply to friendly intercourse a generous warmth and manly spirit that have often penetrated and ennobled the social conventionalities of a people. They are important, viewed merely as a medium of pleasure, but to appreciate them in all their effects is to give them a still higher position. They have formed the characteristics of nations, fixed eras in the computation of time, and they share with literature and art the brightest pages of history. It is a plain axiom of experience that the just blending of labor and recreation, produces the highest order of intellect and surest promise of longevity. The trite proverb that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," embodies wholesme advice, and to its fair appreciation genius is indebted for a lasting vigor. Though these truths find ready listeners, it is to be regretted that, in our country, their followers are not so numerous.

Racing and Trotting.—The gentlemen engaged in the task of getting up a series of racing meetings in the North, for the coming season, held another meeting in this city on the 11th inst. It is said that subscriptions have been received sufficient to ensure some races in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and that the first will take place some time in June. People are so deeply absorbed in affairs of the nation just now, that they seem to exhibit but little interest in anything else. For this reason, those engaged in the effort to revive racing at the North have up-hill work of it. The names of several prominent turf-men are mentioned in connection with the proposed meetings, and it is to be hoped that the "great expectations" from the use of their names and influence may be realised. If we could be assured that a legitimate revival of turf matters is the sole object in view, doubtless many who are now luke-warm on the subject, might be induced to take an active part in bringing the affair to a successful solution; but there have been so many promises held forth of late years, and so few of those promises fulfilled, that but little reliance is now placed on paper programmes, which are seldom carried out. Many consider that "contributions" for such things might be used to better advantage if given to alleviate the sufferings of those wounded in the defence of their country, the recent battle at Pittsburgh Landing calling for all the aid that our citizens have in their power to bestow.

The prospects in trotting are not very brilliant, either although some purses have filled up. See elsewhere. The war and other things combined operate against turf interests hereaway, and we cannot look for a return of the good times of old until there is a prospect of a settlement of the difficulties now distracting the country. In this connection, we might mention that the well-known hotel of J. I. Snedicor, on the Brooklyn and Jamaica plank road, a short distance from the Union and Centerville Race Courses, is offered for sale. It is a fine place, known to every sporting man in the country, and if the signs of the times pointed to brisk business on the tracks this season, it would be folly for the present proprietor to dispose of it.

Sporting Clergymen.—A racing parson, reading the service of the Church of England, in a Gloucestershire town, last May, startled his flock by giving out for the lesson of the day, instead of as usual, "the last Sunday in Epiphany," the "*first Sunday before the Derby*," and did not perceive his awkward error until his mind was recalled to the subject by the convulsive coughs and pious groans of the congregation.

It is to be hoped that Brother Beecher will not be guilty of a *lapsus linguum* on Sunday next (we write on Saturday, April 12), and announce it as the "second Sunday after the big billiard tournament."

Opening of the Quoit Season.—The friendly match which had been arranged for the purpose of opening the season, at the Quoit Shades, 273 Spring street, on the 9th inst, has been postponed until the 16th, when a very strong "gathering a' the'-gither," from Newark, Paterson, etc., have promised to "mak the elbuck jink an' diddle." That snow storm on the 9th and 10th had a little too much of the "Highlands" about it.

A Fast Runner Gone to the Wars.—Kelly T. Davis, the Californian, one of the fleetest foot runners of the day, has enlisted in the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers, and will prove himself a useful soldier in chasing up the retreating rebels.

Taxing Dogs.—Canine fanciers in this State will find the keeping of useless dogs somewhat expensive; for, in addition to the National tax of one dollar per head, a bill is up in our State legislature which imposes a tax of $3 to $5 per head on all dogs.

Slumped.—"Island No. 10" followed suit to the cards lately led by the rebels, and was taken by our trumps, Foote and Pope. The rebels' hand must be nearly played out by this time. "All's well that ends well."

Honorably Discharged.—One of our sporting friends, Captain Louis Bierall, of the California regiment, who was wounded at Ball's Bluff, and took an active part in rescuing the body of Col. Baker, has received an honorable discharge from the army.

The War.—After the retreat from Pittsburgh Landing, the rebels made their way back to Corinth, where they are now pretty nicely surrounded. Beauregard was not killed, as reported, but will be, probably, in the next engagement.

The Merrimac "came out," and "went in" again. Our Monitor understood the game, and threw away a useless card. When the proper opportunity offers, she and her assistants will play their trump cards. The time has not yet arrived.

McClellan is busily engaged in "closing in" the rebels at Yorktown, where they are in strong force, and well fortified. McClellan's policy is to avoid all unnecessary sacrifice of life, and this is why his movements are somewhat slow. He lays out his plans carefully, and takes time to work them out successfully.

New Orleans and Savannah will soon be in possession of our troops, if they are not already. "Thus far the work goes bravely on."

The Central Park.—This favorite summer resort for the dust-begrimed citizens of Gotham, begins to look fresh and green, and quite inviting to visitors, whether pedestrian or equestrian. On Sunday last hundreds of people were wisely giving themselves an airing, and the fast stock, both in wagon and harness, that were being trotted out, were numerous enough and good looking enough to satisfy even a Beecher, or the most inveterate admirer of "good 'uns to go." It is contemplated, we believe, to add an aviary and a conservatory to the other attractions of the Park; if so, our citizens have indeed something to congratulate themselves upon, and their thanks are due to the Messieurs projectors of the same. Clipper folks are to have a chance, also, we understand, and athletic games, such as cricket, base ball, bowling, etc., are to be introduced; and if to these, archery for the ladies, be added, the Central Park will be a live sort of place to go to.

The Philadelphia Skating Club partake of their annual dinner, on the 16th inst., at the Washington House, Chesnut street.

Billiards at Little Falls, N. Y.—This little town was all excitement on the 9th inst., in anticipation of a match to come off at Smith's Union Billiard Room, between Messrs. J. E. Steele, of Mohawk, and O. Amadon, of Rome. Five hundred points, for $50 a side, were the terms of play. At the appointed time, (5 o'clock,) the parties assembled, the room being crowded with spectators to witness the trial. Order being restored, Mr. James Roe was selected as Mr. Steele's umpire, and Mr. Amadon chose Mr. William House, formerly of New York, for his. Mr. Bellinger, proprietor of the Benton House, was appointed referee; Mr. James Morey acted as marker. At 5¼ P. M., they strung for lead. Amadon gained the choice, and scored six, but afterwards missed, by a hair's breadth, his easiest shot. Steele followed, making a run of 15. Amadon now succeeded in making 28. Both continued to play with little effect for a while, Amadon gaining slightly until the first hundred was scored, when he was 30 ahead. Steele appeared to have bad luck in going into the pocket after making several good shots. At the end of the second hundred, Amadon was 44 ahead, but the game now took a turn. By careful management and skillful playing, Steele continued to gain, and when the third hundred had been played, Steele had 15 points the best of his opponent. The fourth hundred was cautiously played on both sides. At length Steele got the balls "jawed," and made a run of 65, which placed him 58 points ahead. The backers of Amadon now began to look a little blue, the betting being 2 to 1, 5 to 3, &c., with no takers. Amadon, however, instead of getting discouraged, seemed to play better, and succeeded in making a run of 42, for which he was loudly applauded. During the fourth hundred, Steele frequently pocketed his opponent's ball, and when there was no prospect for counting, played the balls into the string. The fifth and last hundred, Steele continued to gain on his man, and after making 30, the game stood—for Steele 484, Amadon 420. Amadon now made a four shot, and the next play, went into the pocket. Steele then played, and counted 13, and was declared the winner by 76 points.

Billiards in Denver City.—A match game, for $50 a side, came off at the National Billiard Room, Denver City, on the 11th ult., between Dan Doyle and Ben Smith, resulting in favor of the former, who won by 21 points. A return game, for the same amount, was played on the 13th, Smith this time proving the fortunate "ball puncher." Denver is a "fast and flourishing town."

Old Country Talk.—Dear Clipper: I have been reading your correspondent's, Edwin James, letters with much interest. I hope he will visit the Chrystal Palace, and give us a full account of the sights. He appears to have the organ of observation largely developed, and as all nations will be represented in the arts and sciences, a letter from him on the subject would give your numerous readers great satisfaction. Your letters from the seat of war are not bad, and not a whit more egotistical than those of your contemporary of anti-British notoriety. I suppose you will be able to give us some information regarding the intentions of the Benicia Boy, and what the "accomplished Jem" thinks about it. Heenan's return to England must convince the most venomous of the anti-British that he did not have such bad usage, and that he knows where the money is to be made. It would be well for such to remember the fair show that Deaf Burke got at New Orleans with the Irish Yankee O'Rourke. One of your contemporaries, now extinct, stated last year that British pugilists were coarse brutes that dressed in fustian. From your correspondent's descriptions of Tom King, Jerry Noon, Jem Mace, &c., they appear to be perfect Beau Brummels, with their shiny tiles, green kids, peg top trowsers, &c., (villainous word "pants" snobbish, too much like "gent.") I hope Mr. Edwin James will be able to visit some substantial yeoman of a British farmer, or some true sportsman, and get some insight into English rural life. His letters are much superior to the vile slanders of some writers now in your city, but I do not quite agree with him that the middle class hold everything American in the "greatest reverence." I resided upwards of eight years in England, and although I am free to admit there is no such prejudice existing against Yankees as there is anti-English feeling here, yet ninety-nine John Bulls out of a hundred consider their institutions superior to what they are here; and the most intense radicals, after being in the States a number of years, become more conservative.

"Blue Bird's Eye."

CRICKET.

Cricket in Philadelphia.—The lovers of this fine game have made an early start in the Quaker City, as two matches have been played thus early, between the United and the Labon Clubs, at Camden. The first match was played on Tuesday, March 25th, the result being a draw, as there was no time to play it out. The return match was played on Saturday, 29th ult., the Labon giving the game up after one innings had been played by each club, during which the United scored 119 to their opponent's' 21 runs. The home and home match between these clubs will be played at an early day. The Alonzo Cricket Club, of Philadelphia, has recently re-organized, and intend making an active season in the way of playing.

Satellite Cricket Club.—At the annual meeting of this club, the following officers were elected for 1862:—President, Thomas Palin; Vice President, A. E. Watson; Secretary, T. W. Metcalfe; Treasurer, J. H. Booth; Match Committee, Messrs. S. Watson, T. Palin, and R. Hurring. This club was quite successful in the way of winning matches during the past year, having played seven, and lost but one.

Willow Cricket Club.—At a meeting of this club, of Brooklyn, the following officers were elected;—President, T. G. Terry; Vice President, John Boake; Secretary, Frank Pearce; Treasurer, Jno. Jolly; Managing Committee, D. Peerless, Walter Swift, H. Torrence, and J. H. Sciemer.

East Williamsburgh Cricket Club.—At the annual meeting of the East Williamsburgh Cricket Club, the following officers were chosen for the coming season:—President, J. W. Hadfield; Vice President, Benjamin Ward; Secretary, Henry Hadfield; Match Committee, James Tribeck, H. Damper, George Saville, Thomas Ward, and J. W. Hadfield. Communications should be addressed to the secretary, Henry Hadfield, East Williamsburgh, L. I.

Cricket in Boston.—At the first annual meeting of the Boston Cricket Club, held on the 7th inst., the following officers were chosen:—President, S. Frank Crockett; Vice President, William Kilner; Treasurer, A. J. Mercer; Business Committee, A. J. Mercer, S. Frank Crockett, M. Doherty, W. H. Joslyn. The club is in excellent condition. They have several good matches in prospect, and expect an interesting season. Their opening match is to be played at their grounds in East Cambridge April 28th.

The Willow Cricket Club.—This club appears determined to conduct its affairs in regular order, and, to that end, has adopted an excellent code of by-laws. That is right; law and order are essential to permanent success.

The Crescent Cricket Club of Philadelphia.—This club was organized on the 5th of May, 1857, Messrs. Robeson Lea, and Joseph and John McElroy taking a prominent part in its formation. In April, 1858, the club had twenty-eight members; in April, 1859, forty-eight members; in April, 1860, sixty-eight, and in April, '62, seventy-six members. During this period they played some forty-eight matches; winning thirty-six of them—a very liberal proportion. At a meeting of this club held on the 25th ult., a resolution was passed declaring the club disbanded, and the members adjourned *sine die*. A club which can exhibit such a steady and gratifying increase of its members, and who won so many victories, ought to do something better than disband, especially after "weathering" such a trying season as that of 1861, which gave a quietus to so many good clubs who were devoted to out-door sports. We also observe that the Crescent had a stronger roll of members in '62, than at any previous time. Altogether, the disbandment, on the eve of such a season as we have in prospect, looks a little strange; and we hope that some of the spirited members will assemble together, and re-organize the "Old Crescent Club," so that they may gallantly "fight their battles o'er again."

BALL PLAY.

The Atlantic Club.—The regular monthly meeting of the members of this champion Base Ball Club, was held at T. B. Prendergast's Hotel, Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, April 8th, and the following gentlemen were chosen to act as officers for the ensuing year:—President, F. K. Boughton; Vice President, Thos. R. Mercein; Secretary, S. Alpheus Smith; Treasurer, A. G. Babcock. Delegates to Convention, Thos. Tassie and P. O'Brien. Auditing Committee, Messrs. B. Eden, W. V. Babcock, and G. W. Moore. Scorer for the season, G. W. Moore. They will practice on their old grounds until May, when they will in all probability occupy the new Union Grounds on Marcy Avenue and Rutledge street.

The Eckford Club.—The spring meeting of the members of this crack club of the Eastern District of Brooklyn, took place on Wednesday, April 9th, and the following gentlemen were elected to take charge of the interests of the club during 1862:—President, E. T. Jenkens; Vice President, John J. Grum; Secretary, D. J. McAuslan; Treasurer, E. T. Jenkens; Delegates to Convention, W. A. Brown and R. Ketchum; Directors, Messrs. W. A. Brown, C. C. Smith, and W. Campbell. Their opening day will be on Tuesday, April 15th, on which occasion there will probably be quite an interesting practice game.

The Mutual Club.—In consequence of the inclemency of the weather last week, the opening day of this club was postponed to Thursday, April 17th, on which occasion there will doubtless be a large turn out of the playing members and their friends.

Base Ball in Brooklyn.—The snow storms of last week materially interfered with the arrangements of the Brooklyn Clubs in regard to their opening days. All the ball grounds located in sequent thereon, and it was only on such grounds as the Star fields were rendered unfit for play by the snow and moisture con-Club occupy, that any play could be had.

The Eagle Club.—This club will commence play for the season on their grounds at Hoboken on Tuesday, April 22d. They had their annual meeting on the 9th inst., on which occasion they elected the following gentlemen to preside over the affairs of the club during 1862:—President, Philip J. Cozans; Vice President, Jenkins Slote; Secretary, James G. Powers; Directors—P. J. Cozans, Thomas Howe, T. L. Thornell; Delegates to the Convention—Messrs. J. W. Mott and W. A. Pease; Committee of Inquiry—R. P. Simonton, E. M. Hussey, J. E. Curry.

The Henry Eckford Club.—The members of this club will commence play on the grounds adjoining the terminus of the Greenpoint City Railroad route, in Brooklyn, E. D., on Tuesday, April 15th.

The Jefferson Club.—The following is the list of officers of this club for 1862:—President, E. M. Hedden; Vice President, George Starr; Treasurer, Joseph Randolph; Recording Secretary, E. S. Connor; Corresponding Secretary, C. W. Kirby; Delegates to the National Convention—C. W. Kirby, J. Ross Postley.

THE TURF.

Trotting.—Preparations are being made for an early resumption of Trotting on Long Island, and quite a number of purses have been offered for competition. The following entries, it is said, have been made for a series of trots on the Fashion Course:

No. 1.—Purse $500; mile heats, 3 in 5. The bay mare Princess was entered by George Murray; Native American, by S. McLaughlin, and Gray Eddy, by James D. McManus.

No. 2.—Purse $500, mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness; for horses that have not trotted, single, below 2:24. Princess, Native American, Gray Eddy and Sunny Side, by D. Pfifer, were entered.

No. 3.—Handicap $500, mile heats, 3 in 5; for horses having trotted in 2:36 or less, the Chestnut Mare, Widow Machree, by Sam McLaughlin, General McClellan, formerly Heed Not, by Hiram Woodruff; Panic and Tilt, by D. Tillman; General Butler, by owner; and West Philadelphia, by J. J. Bevins, were entered.

No. 4.—Purse $200, one mile and repeat, to wagons; for horses that have not trotted below 2:35, to wagons; Widow Machree, General McClellan, Panic, General Butler, and West Philadelphia, were entered.

No. 5.—Purse $200, mile heats, 3 in 5, for gentlemen's road teams. Teams entered must be owned and driven together at time of entering. Pug and Pauline, by John Ferris; Bell and Alida, by W. H. W.; Panic and Jilt, by Tillman; Hawk and Buzzard, by T. J. Vail.

No. 6.—Purse $200, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons, for horses that have not trotted below 2:32 to wagons. Widow Machree, Gray Eddy, and General Butler, were entered.

No. 7.—Purse $200, mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness; for horses that have not trotted below 2:35. The sorrel mare Lady Emma, by Hiram Woodruff, What Is It? Red Bird, by D. Tillman, General Butler and West Philadelphia, were entered.

No. 8.—Purse $200, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons; for horses that have not trotted below 2:28. Gray Eddy, Sunny Side, and Native American, were entered.

No. 9.—Same as No. 8. Gray Eddy, Sunny Side, and Native American, were entered.

No. 10.—Purse $250, mile heats, 3 in 5, for all horses to saddle. Native American, Panic, and General Butler, were entered.

No. 11.—Purse $100, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons, for horses that have not trotted for money. Lady Lincoln, by J. W. Higgins; Nimble Dick, by McLaughlin; Jilt, and Tom Murphy, by D. L. Potter, were entered.

No. 12.—Purse $100, three miles and repeat, to harness, for horses that never trotted for money. Lady Lincoln, Nimble Dick, and Tom Murphy.

No. 13.—Purse $100, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons, for horses that have not trotted in 2:50. Lady Emma, Nimble Dick, Jimmy Lynch (by R. Walters,) and Jilt, were entered.

No. 14.—Same as No. 13; two miles and repeat, to harness. Lady Emma, Nimble Dick, Jimmy Lynch, and Jilt, were entered.

No. 15.—Purse $100, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons, for horses that have not trotted below 2:45. Lady Emma, Sorrel Gelding, What Is It? (by S. Crooks,) Nimble Dick, Bay Horse, Jilt, Fanny Fern, (by T. J. Vail's)

No. 16.—Same as No. 15, to harness. Lady Emma, What Is It? Nimble Dick, Bay Horse, Jilt.

No. 17.—Purse $100, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons, for horses that have not trotted below 2:40. Lady Emma, What Is It? Red Bird, Nimble Dick, Bay Horse, Fanny Fern.

Racing—New York Spring Meeting.—A meeting of the Union Running Association was held at the New York Hotel on Friday evening, 11th inst., when the programme for the Spring meeting at New York and Philadelphia was presented by the General Manager. Two or three days extra running will be given at Boston, Providence and Saratoga, it is said, and if desirable during the campaign, three days at Jamesburg. The first day here will be sweepstakes for two year olds, one mile out; $100 subscription, $25 forfeit—five nominations to fill the stakes. Handicap (English principle, reduce or add weight for age), two miles out; free for all ages. Among the prizes will be the Tiffany Prize—Ladies' Gift. A magnificent enameled gold watch, richly inlaid with diamonds, chain and watch, free only to saddle horses, amateur riders, weight to be carried 150 pounds; half mile heats; value of watch and chain, $450; entrance feee, $15. Four entries to fill the race. No horse will be eligible to contend for this prize unless he shall have been used as an ordinary saddle horse, nor will any horse be eligible that has started for a public purse, either in the United States or Canada, within two years. Gentlemen making entries for this prize will be required to pledge themselves that in the event of winning it, they intend making it a present to a lady.

On the second, third, fourth and fifth days, there will be purses of $200, $300, $500 and $1000, and several sweepstakes open for entries. All the entries for the stakes and handicaps will close on or about the 1st of May.

The manager further stated that he had assurances from Mr. Alexander, Col. Ward, Col. Gifford, Capt. Moore, Dr. Weldon and other gentlemen of Kentucky, that they would bring on the flower of their stables to engage in these races. He felt satisfied that the meeting would be a magnificent one. John Hunter, Vice President, tendered his resignation, which was received, and Charles Astor Bristed elected in his stead.

A Bad Walker.—Some parts of Illinois must be in awful need of missionaries. We have cautioned the folks "there or thereabouts" in relation to the pretended "Jack Sheppard," who says that he is the same individ. that trained John Morrissey for his fight with John C. Heenan. As the trainer he alludes to is now in England, we would not give "shucks" for the rascally pretender's bones if John Morrissey should happen to get on the same war path with him. Not having heard for some time of the impostor, we supposed that sufficient caution had been given. A correspondent in Bloomington, Ill., writing on the 7th, says that the "hundred-hour man" who pretends to be Sheppard, *alias* Hamilton, the trainer of John Morrissey in the fight aforesaid, and who now calls himself "Jack Sheppard," had just "departed," leaving behind his tavern bill, hall rent, printer's bill, etc., unpaid, and especially forgetting to walk out his hundred hours, except when he walked out of town. In short, the pretended trainer incontinently "skedaddled." Probably he had met with somebody reading the New-York Clipper. Let the folks in the West be on the look out for this wolf in "Sheppard's" clothing.

The Yacht America.—The Port Royal correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives the following account of the famous yacht America, lately raised by Lieut. Stevens, of the Ottawa, after having been sunk by the rebels above Pilatka, Florida:—"The national pride identified with the America, gives an additional interest to late incidents in her history. She was purchased of her English owners, by the rebel government, last winter, for $60,000, and was brought over here for the express purpose of carrying Mason and Slidell to Europe. When they took another conveyance it was determined to load her with cotton, and with that cargo she was to have sailed for England not long after the expedition under Capt. Stevens reached the St. John's and took possession of Jacksonville. The Stars and Stripes, under which she distanced the swiftest vessel that England could build, afterwards supplied by the British ensign, in its turn succeeded by the rebel flag, are floating over her again, never hereafter to be removed.

The New York State Sportsmen's Club assemble at Rochester, N. Y., on the third Tuesday in June. The following named gentlemen are in the deputation from Utica:—Mortimer Mayhew, Arthur B. Johnson, John Crook, A. J. Lathrop, Wm. Calverly, J. A. Williams and J. A. Button.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 7.

MUSIC HALLS.

Billy Quinn, and his wife, Mary Blake, have been added to the usual attractions at the Melodeon, Baltimore, and made their opening bows on the 7th.

"Hells on earth!" is the sanctimonious title one of the Albany editors has chosen to express his disgust at the concert saloons there. We must leave him to the enjoyment of his opinion, but the public seem to think that the Gayety Music Hall is one of the most delightful halls on earth. Little Miss Louise, the champion lady drummer, was presented with a pair of silver-mounted drum-sticks the other evening. Mr. Samuel Fitzpatrick, one of the proprietors, had a rousing benefit on the 11th. "The Naiad Queen" and "The Bottle Imp," are the next novelties in preparation. The world does move. Ask Charley Lewis, the stage-manager at the Gayety. Wake up, old Knickerbockers on the hill!

"Sindbad the Sailor" was produced at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, on the 7th, and favorably received. It is constructed after the usual English style for Christmas or Easter pantomimes, Tom Cony having arranged the pantomimic portion. What Tom Cony could not shine in for that department would not be worth inquiring about, as we know Tom to be a perfect master of it. "Seneca," one of our St. Louis correspondents, says—"The prologue, written by Ed. Berry, introduces Celia Morley as Electra, the Queen of the Fairies, who takes Sindbad (J. B. Murphy) just wrecked through the agency of the Storm King, (E. N. Slocum), under her protection. The servants of Gobbleall, a giant, (T. Cony,) have a combat with Sindbad, whom they defeat, and carry him to the giant, who wishes him cooked, which is prevented by the arrival of Electra, who causes a transformation of Gobbleall into a clown, Madame Gobbleall, (Ed. Berry) into pantaloon, who, with Harlequin (Sig. Constantine,) Sprite (Don Gibbonnoise,) and Columbine (Julia Hamilton,) are the principal actors of the piece. Harlequin and Columbine do a number of dances during the play, and one or the other, with Electra's magic wand, works constant changes and transformations, getting Harlequin and Pantaloon into all sorts of dilemmas, which they as constantly escape." Of course, the majority of the scenes are as local as the St. Louis folks could desire. "Seneca" goes on to say—"I cannot give you a synopsis of the whole play, but may say it is magnificent, full of tricks, traps, and transformations; fun, frolic, and fandangoes; dancing, deviltry, and delight; magic, music, and magnificence; queer quirps, cranks, and oddities; a grand *melange* of humor, wit, mirth, muscle, handsome women, good legs, fine costumes, and altogether the most gorgeous piece ever put on the stage in St. Louis." This looks well for Manager Deagle's treasury, because such pieces are always seasonable among an appreciative community. They afford just the right kind of "Varieties." Go in, Deagle.

Mr. George Sheldon, the dancer, took the responsibilities of stage manager, last week, at the Melodeon, Baltimore, and seems to make his steps successfully.

The Carter Zouave Sisters open at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 14th, where Manager Trimble would doubtless like to have them remain, but the place has been hired by Herrmann, to commence on the 21st. Thus our professors of amusement come and go, while the public have the "benefit" sure, like the "give and take" at a sparring exhibition. Mr. Carter carts himself off, and Mr. Herrmann harmonizes himself in.

Ellinger's Continental Opera House, Baltimore, is rising in public favor. Mrs. (Julia Hudson) Backus is among the vocalists. Miss Sallie Duval leaves the Melodeon, and commences at the Continental on the 14th. Miss Emma Ellinger is among the *danseues*. De Latt, a ballad singer, and Henry Brookes, the blind pianist and violinist, have been recently engaged. Thus we may see that the hearts of the people in Baltimore are all right, even if its theatres are not encouraged; and we may say, with Hamlet, "Here's a fine revolution, an' we had but the trick to see 't."

M'lle Brignoli is still at Trimbles', Pittsburgh, but concludes her engagement there on the 18th. She has made herself quite a favorite with the Pittsburghers. Mr. J. K. Reynolds is also with Trimble, but expects to leave in a week or two.

Hernandez has gone to Boston, where he is engaged to perform with Mr. English's company, at the National.

Fanny Forrest, Kate Pennoyer, and Augusta Walby are at the Olympic, Philadelphia, this week. Mons. Velarde is also there.

Dan Shelby's Varieties Company show in Oxford, N. Y., on the 16th and 17th; Norwich, 18th and 19th; Green, 21st and 22d; Chenango Forks, 23d, and Binghampton, 24th, 25th and 26th. Dan says Mary Walton, vocalist, was to have joined his company, but failed to connect.

Burtis's Varieties, late Alhambra, Philadelphia, a neat little place on Chestnut street, is progressing under Mr. Burtis's supervision. Among the ladies engaged there are Misses H. O. Lalande and Ida Duval; and a very effective *ballet* troupe.

Burtis' Varieties, in Brooklyn, is now reaping the reward of steady industry and attractive talent. Both manager and professionals seem to be fixed favorites in the popular mind, and well they may. The place is well patronised.

CIRCUSES.

Mons. De Bach, the well-known circus performer, died in the hospital at Havana, about four weeks ago, of yellow fever. He visited that place this winter, with the Smith & Quick party, but being taken with the fever only a few days previous to the company sailing for New York, he was left in the hospital.

G. W. De Haven is in Freeport, Ill., getting ready for the travelling season. He is in want of a number of performers, gymnasts, minstrels, etc. See his advertisement in this department.

Mabie's concern, embracing a menagerie, as well as circus, promises to be one of the most complete and attractive shows on the move the coming season. The circus department will comprise Den Stone, as equestrian director, and principal clown; James Melville, lady and two sons; W. Waterman, two and-four-horse rider; Delevanti Brothers, gymnasts; W. Kincade, the great tumbler and "Pete Jenkins;" George Sloman, the globe performer on horseback; etc., etc. There is quite a variety of animals, among which are a pair of performing elephants, said to be the best in the country. The cages have been manufactured by the same man that got up Van Amburgh's cages, and cannot be surpassed. It is thought that a start may take place about the 1st of May, from Delevan, Wis. George R. Bronson is the advertising agent.

Mr. James Robinson, the great bare-back rider, has been engaged by Thayer, Noyes & Co., for the approaching season. He is a good card, and a valuable addition to the company with which he is to perform.

Tom King's party in Baltimore were recently treated to a buffalo hunt not set down in the bills, and the people thereof had a sight thereat, without peeping under any canvas. It seems that a gale and a snow storm came around that way together. They came arm in arm, as we might say, and had a pretty good "headway" on, evidently having "taken something" as they came along. Like other rowdies, they wanted to see the show without leaving any "equiv." for the treasurer. They tore up the canvas, broke the 46 foot centre pole into four pieces, and this was their fashion of paying in "quarters." The canvas being gone, the buffaloes found their modesty shocked, and fled like affrighted maidens, snapping their chains as if only so many bracelets or anklets. Tom King and his "merry men" immediately started in pursuit. They might have got out of breath, very probably; but they could not get out of wind in that gale. Gradually, however, muscle and mind came back conquerors. The "stock company" were brought under human guidance once more. Tom King therefore engaged the Front Street Theatre, where "order now reigns."

"Any port in a storm" is the old saying, and George Kunkel stepping out from the Front Street, Baltimore, gave Tom King's Circus party a chance to step in after their big tent was blown down. Such is life; but our showmen are used to setting up the camp kettles anywhere. Tom's activity puts us in mind of the wedding tour he had up the North River, a few years ago, as he is one of those men who never lose any time. His company, enumerated by us last week, are all well chosen exponents in their particular branches of art. His business agent, "the Colonel," is an efficient diplomatist, and does up all his affairs in a "Brown" style, without any "brown" study, except how to go ahead in quicker style. "Quick!" is the main password at Tom King's Circus now, for it is not likely that such a strong company could be kept together after those famous performers are obliged to resume their usual positions among the best circuses in the country. At present, the theatres in Baltimore seem deserted, but everybody likes Tom King's Circus. Therefore, pass the word along the lines—"Forward! Rally to the Front!"—Street Theatre.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

The great troupe of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, in Boston, know no let up in business, for their cosy hall is as crowded every night as Bryants' is, in this city. They have run the "Raw Recruits" for the period of thirteen weeks, Billy Morris, with his "whack Row de Row," making an immense hit. Nick Bowers, a popular member of the band, takes a benefit this evening, 14th inst. That he will have a crowder needs no prophet to foretell.

Morris's Minstrels are in Massachusetts. They were in Lynn on the 12th. Dick Sands, clog dancer, is with them.

George Christy's Minstrels showed at Fireman's Hall, Detroit, on the 12th, and remain there the 14th and 15th.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels commence operations on the 14th, at Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia.

We understand that S. S. Sanford has it in contemplation to open Concert Hall, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, as a place for Negro Minstrel entertainments. If such is the fact, there will be lively times between the two parties, who will be within a block or two only of each other.

Those Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge party can show Mr. Grau or the Supreme Court of New York, what a "season is." "Go it," is the password with them, all the time. The 14th brought out a burlesque on Father Kemp's Monday Concerts, a new "contraband act," by Lon Morris, called "In Secessia dar's a Clatter;" and a new sketch called "Country Relations."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Shaw gave two concerts in Toronto, on the 8th and 10th inst.

Artemas Ward, the "great American Showman," is announced to "show" in Washington, D. C., on the 14th. Let the "great rail splitter" visit the "show." It will do him good, and ease his mind of a heap of cares.

Madame Henry C. Watson, Miss Nina Foster, and others, gave two concerted entertainments at Willard's Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 3d and 5th inst. Madame Anna Bishop was to have appeared there on the 9th.

Father Kemp's Monday evening concerts, in Boston, have come into favor, and the hall is crowded at every concert.

The Alleghanians are travelling in Canada. The local press speak well of Mr. A. Sedgwick's performances on the concertina, and also of his comic songs.

Jugglers, including every person who performs by sleight of hand, or feats of prestidigitation, are to be taxed $20 for each license, according to the National Tax Bill. Fighting's an expensive "luxury," isn't it?

Wyman, the Wizard, was performing in Elmira the early part of last week.

Blind Tom, the Negro pianist, is in Norfolk, Virginia, giving musical entertainments. Tom would like to find an opening to get away from Dixie, but he "can't see it."

Mons. Hambuger, the "Royal Wizard," commenced a series of tricks, etc., at Utica, N. Y., on the 8th. He is accompanied by Madame Suiliani, on the piano.

John B. Gough lectured in Utica on the 9th inst.

Frankenstein's Panorama of Niagara Falls unrolled at Melodeon Hall, Madison, Indiana, on the 5th.

Gulick's Old Folks were at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, last week. Granny Slocum and Cousin Reuben, who were publicly united in marriage at one of their concerts a few months since, in Philadelphia, continue to "jine in the singin'." Mrs. Emma Nichols remains with the troupe.

Some inquiry in the neighborhood of Bloomington and Clinton, Ills., for Professor Searl, who is said to have disappointed his friends in that quarter lately. As the Professor is also said to be a practical printer, he must know that such practical jokes as this are not likely to pay—in the long "run."

Brigham Hall, Binghamton, N. Y., was occupied on the 3d with an "elocution class exhibition," belonging to the town. We wish that we could have more of the same sort. They gave Shiel's play of "The Apostate," and had "Paddy Miles" for the afterpiece, with songs and recitations for the interlude. Some Tableaux Vivants were also perpetrated by "the company," as we may now call these amateurs. We like the idea. Let it spread. Why not get up "elocution classes" in every town? By way of encouragement, we here give the names in the present instance:—Miss Laura A. Marshall, Miss Jennie Brigham, Miss Louisa Doolittle, with Messrs. Edward D. Vosbury, Henry A. Frink, M. Watson, C. C. Vosbury, C. M. Kilmer, Geo. S. Rogers, Hank Cross, C. H. Shuart, C. N. Carman, B. Carleton, C. Sandford, etc.

The "Continentals" are announced to appear at Hangsterper's Hall, Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 17th.

Herrmann, the Prestidigitateur, gives a series of magical illustrations, etc., at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, commencing on the 14th, and continuing four nights.

Madame Anna Bishop gave "one of those" concerts, at the Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, on the 11th.

The Orpheus Musical Society, of Boston, intend giving a farewell concert to Mr. R. Jansen, who intends going o-p-h soon for California. The good intentions of the public may be seen on the 19th, at the Melodeon, Boston.

The widow of Henry J. Finn commenced a tour of dramatic readings at the Fourth Universalist Church, South Boston, on the 15th. Her son, F. S. Finn, also assisted.

Dan Setchell, sometimes called "Cupid," and sometimes "Mrs. Pluto," is said to father the following—"When is Mrs. Conway like the Merrimac?" When she is Ion clad.

Our readers need not credit the story that Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, have quarreled on the Union question.

A concert given at Davenport Hall, Winona, Minnesota, on the 8th inst., by the German Singing Society, was well attended.

Some "Old Folks" were to repeat their concert at Rome, N. Y., on the 14th inst., in Spencer Hall; and "give the pitch" at the Presbyterian Church, Whitesboro, on the 17th.

As the theatres become more like music halls, so the small institutions become assimilated to the great dramatic temples. Fact. "See it" every day—every letter we open. We now learn that, after Mr. John Dyott returns from Washington, he will commence a course of dramatic readings at the Aquarial Gardens, Boston. Capital idea. While Miss Leone drives the whale around, with a double snaffle and curb bit, Brother Dyott can give the Bostonians Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra's barge. Dyott knows the "word painting" of those famous lines. Few persons could recite them so well. With a tinge of gray upon his head, his heart and its utterances are as fresh as ever. He courts Fame with as much constancy as Fusbos might his Scrubdina, but with much more artistic modesty:—

"And O, would this damsel be mine,
No other pro-vi-si-on I'd seek;
On a look I could breakfast and dine,
And feast on a smile for a week.
But, ah! should she false-hearted prove,
Suspended I'll dangle in air,
A victim to de-li-cate love,
In Dyot street, Bloomsbury square."

Gottschalk and party had a favorable reception at the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis. His first night was supposed to have a little too much Union sentiment about its selections, but a better feeling ultimately prevailed. "Music hath charms," etc.

Ossian E. Dodge and party are "surrounding the enemy," such as harbor fogs, blue devils, etc., in the neighborhood of Boston. Wherever they go are light and logic, fun and pathos, sentiment and patriotism, music and merriment.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Charles Kean was presented with a beautiful set of silver plate, on the afternoon of the 22d ult., at St. James' Hall, London. The Duke of Newcastle was to have presided, but received a telegraph to go to the Queen, the same day; so in his absence, Mr. Gladstone did the polite. The only speeches made were by the giver and the receiver.

The Lister Opera Troupe were at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, and Sir William Don next takes the house for four months. Latest dates, Feb. 8.

Harry Squires, the tenor, got into a serious controversial scrape at Melbourne, in consequence of an injudicious friend at San Francisco publishing one of Mr. Squires's letters, in which he appeared to use the expression, "blawsted English," in a jocular and quotable sense. "My heyes!"

The performance previously arranged for the benefit of Mr. Love, who may well be styled "The Father of Table Entertainments," took place at Sadler's Wells, London, on the 29th March. We are glad to perceive that so old and faithful a public servant was not neglected in his time of need—two years of suffering from paralysis having prevented the unfortunate gentleman from maintaining his usual independence. In all such matters as these, our dramatic and musical friends form one fraternity and one sisterhood, all the world over. No more free-hearted man, to set such an example of pure benevolence for a worthy object, could be found than Samuel Phelps, the sole lessee of Sadler's Wells. T. L. Greenwood was acting manager, and Mr. Williams, stage manager. Harry Russell broke his retirement of five years, and sung his "Ship on Fire," of course, as in "days of old" at our Stuyvesant Institute. Among the dramatic volunteers were Mrs. Stirling, Miss C. Saunders, Miss Edith Heraud, Miss Ada Dyas, Miss Phillips; Messrs. H. Marston, J. L. Toole, W. H. Swanborough, Lewis Ball, H. Butler, C. Seyton, etc. Among the musicals were Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle. Parepa, Miss Poole, Miss E. and Miss M. Mascall, Miss Constance Roden; Messrs. Weiss, J. E. Carpenter, and Mr. F. Kingsbury as musical director. We are glad to learn that a committee has also been formed, and a permanent fund is now being established. May "The Father of Table Entertainments" never lack a good table, and good cheer, that he can call his own!

Barry Sullivan soon leaves England again, and goes direct to Australia.

Madame (Cicely Nott) Bellini has once more changed her legal name by marriage. The interesting event took place at St. James's, Piccadilly, London, on the 23d March, and the husband is Mr. Samuel Adams, Jr., of Musley, Hertfordshire. Nevertheless, we presume that our British friends will continue to call the lady Miss Cicely Nott, notwithstanding.

Mr. G. W. Jamison goes on conquering and to conquer. Opening in England at the London Adelphi, in "The Octoroon," he gave a specimen of the old negro which created a ready recognition of his talents. On the 27th March, Mr. Jamison opened at the Strand, taking the character of Grandfather Whitehead. A bold move, but successfully sustained. Twenty years of familiarity with Mr. Farren's rendition of Mark Lemon's translation from the French original, which had immortalized Bouffe, naturally make our English friends somewhat suspicious of any ordinary Grandfather Whitehead. But, we are happy in being able to record that our gifted countryman's success was most cordial and complete. He was called for between the acts, and greeted with rounds of cheering when the curtain was once more raised at the close.

Tony Denier has won the title of "The Little Excitement," in England, where he was the first American clown to go upon the stage, we believe. Tony took a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on the 28th March, as his engagement for the pantomime season at that house expired on the 31st March. Tony seems to think that, with a couple of performing dogs and a monkey, he can "make out" better "on his own hook." May be so, but our advice would be to stick at the stage-clown biz. All true independence arises from steady application to legitimate business. The English people are somewhat peculiar in this respect. Let not Tony be deceived by a few signs of personal popularity. Stick to regular business, Tony.

The Strand, London, has a very successful burlesque, called "The Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons." It requires a *corps de ballet*. Ada Swanborough does the heroine.

The idea of not being able to obtain halls enough in that "Modern Babylon," London, seems improbable, but such is the fact. For this reason, the Christy Minstrels are not likely to show off much in that locality this season. The No. 1 party have sent their agent, Mr. Montague, on two especial visits to London, for the purpose of making a selection, but "it can't be did." Mr. W. P. Collins, of the No. 2 party, was lucky enough to hold on at Polygraphic Hall, but that "last chance" gives out at the end of April, so that our minstrel friends will have a "reminder" of the First of May, although not in New-York. Never mind. The day is not far off when Drury-Lane Theatre might just as well be hired as not, for the English people are quite willing to be sentimental with—

"Oh, poor Lucy Neal,"

or roar in laughter with—

"Way down Souf, on de Beaver Creek,
De darkies grow just about ten feet;
Dey go to bed wid all their clothes on,
And legs hung out for chickens to roost on."

Sam Cowell, under the management of Mr. Morison Kyle, is on a successful tour in the North of England. At Manchester and at Pontefract he was especially honored, and his two years of absence in the United States evidently served to give a greater zest for his genuine fun.

The grand and square pianos contributed by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, of New York, for examination at the forthcoming Grand Exhibition in London, have arrived safely, and may be expected to "speak" for us.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence have adopted the convenience of giving what they call "A Musical and Dramatic Entertainment." Another sign of the times for theatrical managers. Mr. and Mrs. F. were at Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, on the 22d March, and met with such success as to cause a repetition for the following Saturday.

William Cooke, one of the most honorable and honored exponents of the equestrian art in England, now intends to retire from the profession. His splendid establishment at Tent Farm, Tottenham, near London, was to be sold at auction on the 2d and 3d. Many of the items are positive temptations, and we need not be surprised if Tom Sayers has passed one or two of his peculiar winks to the auctioneer, Mr. Gower, whose instructions were to sell without reserve except in case of bad weather.

The Londoners have "A Female Cure" at Marylebone Music Hall, and Julia Weston is her name. We have not learned whether she does "The Cure Upside Down."

The illness of Mr. Howard Paul at Glasgow, as mentioned in our last, did not prevent the previously announced programme from being duly observed at Greenock, Perth, Dundee, etc. The spirited manager engaged the services of Harry Clifton to support Mrs. Paul, and the *Greenock Advertiser* of March 18th says:—"Mr. Harry Clifton appeared in the place of Mr. Howard Paul, and the manager is to be congratulated on having secured the services of so talented a substitute."

Castelli, the "Vienna Poet," died recently in that city, at the age of eighty-two years. He was known to American readers as the author of the libretto for Schubert's little opera, "Domestic Troubles," and of the German version for "The Huguenots." Castelli has left his collection of snuff boxes, between fifteen and sixteen hundred. One had been Moliere's. The latest was a present from Meyerbeer, received by Castelli on his eighty-first birthday.

"The Jester" was caught a second time when W. F. Wallett, sometimes called "The Man of Motley," was married to Miss Sarah Teutin Farmer, in London, on the 24th March. The lady is a sister of Henry Farmer, the composer. The "Shakespearean Clown" owns an elegant residence at Spring-Bank House, but the usual continental tour completed the orthodox ceremonies which began with a special license. The "first clown with a moustache" ought to be welcomed in France, but such a "wise fool" as Mr. Wallett is welcome anywhere.

As a proof of the success of music halls in London, we may mention that Manager Weston has produced an entirely new operatic comedy called "The Pretty Girl's Secret." The dialogue and poetry are by J. P. Wooler, and the music by W. H. Montgomery.

The Seventeenth Anniversary Festival of the General Theatrical Fund, was to take place on the 14th, in London, as we have previously stated. The following list of the chairmen, who have already presided, may serve to give some idea of those delightful gatherings:—

April 6, 1846, Chas. Dickens, Esq.
March 29, 1847, W. C. Macready, Esq.
April 17, 1848, Sir E. B. Lytton, Bart.
May 21, 1849, C. Kean, Esq., F. S. A.
March 25, 1850, B. Webster, Esq.
April 14, 1851, C. Dickens, Esq.
April 5, 1852, Sir E. B. Lytton, Bart.
March 21, 1853, Hon. H. F. Berkeley, M. P.
April 10, 1854, R. M. Milner, Esq., M. P.
April 2, 1855, J. B. Buckstone, Esq.
March 17, 1856, The Lord Tenterden.
April 6, 1857, Samuel Phelps, Esq.
March 29, 1858, Wm. M. Thackeray, Esq.
April 18, 1859, C. J. Matthews, Esq.
April 2, 1860, Tom Taylor, Esq.
March 25, 1861, E. T. Smith, Esq.
April 14, 1862, Alfred Wigan, Esq.

The death of Mrs. (Louise Flemming) Stoddart is announced as having occurred on the 11th of March, at Brompton, near London. Having lost her husband, Mr. S. Stoddart, the composer, about ten months previously while in delicate health herself, the unhappy lady could not rally from the grief thus occasioned.

Among the good things announced for a benefit to Ben (brother of Morris) Barnett, at the New Royalty, London, on the 3d, was the appearance of Miss Rebecca Powell, "from the Winter Garden, New York," as Pauline, in "Delicate Ground."

Mrs. Macready, widow of a physician formerly in Philadelphia, seems to gain increased favor among our English cousins. She read "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Willis's Rooms, London, on the 2d. Her varied programmes show good selections.

Manager Gye was to commence the Italian Opera Season, at Covent Garden, on the 8th. He has a formidable (this includes Herr Formes) company, and many first appearances. We observe that our own Adelina Patti leads the list of first ladies. Of course Mr. Costa is Mr. Gye's musical director. Mario is among the tenors, and Grisi is nowhere—but we dare not be too sure that this last item will last as a truth.

Mr. Sothern continues to make hay while the sun shines at the Haymarket, London. His reading of "Brother Sam's Letter" is now encored—an honor usually reserved for vocalists—and encored every night, at that. The thing seems easy, but "let any other man" try to command his facial nerves in the same manner.

A singularly successful specimen of modern embalming enables the public to see Julia Pastrana in the costume and attitude of a living danseuse, as now exhibited in London. Novel idea.

"Peep o'Day" reached its 123d consecutive performance on the 5th, at the author's own theatre, the Lyceum, London. Mrs. D. P. Bowers is still playing the heroine.

STILL LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

Fight between Mic the Grecian and Hawley of Wolverhampton.—On Tuesday, March 25, as early as half-past seven, in the midst of a pelting storm, these men met at Buck Hill, about fifteen miles from Wolverhampton, to try their prowess for £10 a side, at catch-weight, according to previous arrangement. Mic was waited upon by Peter Morris and Jack Wareham, the renowned trainer, while Hawley was escorted by Bill Vickers and the Veteran, George Holden of Walsall. After a good deal of desultory conversation, savored with a spice of chaff, a pug of the old school consented to act as referee, and the men, in the mean time, having prepared their toilets, were conducted to the scratch to commence business.

Round 1. As the men placed themselves in attitude, a wide difference in size was perceptible, Hawley topping his opponent some inches, while he could not have been less than two stone heavier, every muscle of his well-knit frame standing out in bold relief, and looking every inch the picture of a fighting man, and very formidable, but his action did not display anything like the science of his antagonist, whose style throughout was thoroughly artistic. Mic's right was well across the chest, and as he watched the slow movements of his athletic opponent, he shifted with much activity. Each sparred cautiously, watching for an opening, until Hawley sent out his right rather viciously, but was short, and received in return right and left on the head and chest. After a few more passes in the sparring, Hawley got slightly on to Mick's month, receiving his change back with interest. This brought on some rather wildly delivered exchanges, which carried them to the ropes, Mic getting on the head and nose, when Hawley went down.

2. Both men came up willingly to time, and commenced operations at once, Hawley trying his left on the head, which Mic cleverly avoided, and returned a stunner on the left optic, which soon exhibited closing tendencies. They next fought to a close, when Mic put in a severe right-hander on the ribs, but after fighting sharply at the ropes was forced down.

3. On Hawley coming, up blood was trickling from the cut under the eye, received in the previous round, but, nothing daunted, rushed in to force the fighting. He could not, however, get on his opponent with anything like effect, and only became receiver-general. Mic, having now got the distance of his man, began to do pretty much as he pleased with him, planting right and left, and getting away with scarcely a return, when Hawley got down, apparently from the slippery state of the ground.

4. Mic answered to time looking none the worse, while his opponent showed visible signs of his handiwork. Hawley now tried the "rush," but Mic, not inclined to "see the show," went down to avoid.

5. Hawley came up evidently riled, as the tactics and skill of his tiny opponent completely puzzled him, and he was unable to obtain any advantage whatever. From this period up to the eleventh round, in which Mic sent his man to mother earth, the fighting was all in his favor, and any odds could be obtained on him.

12 to 20, and last. It would only be tedious to continue the rounds, as they were now devoid of interest, Hawley only coming up to receive the lion's share of punishment—forcibly reminding one of the fight between Mace and the Staleybridge Infant. Suffice it to say that Hawley's seconds seeing he had no chance, wisely threw up the sponge. Time, forty minutes.

Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan, at 8st 10lb, for £400.—The final deposit of £15 a side, was posted on Thursday, March 27th, at Nat Langham's, making the whole of the £200 a side good. Notwithstanding the reports flying about respecting the conduct of Joe Nolan in breaking out of bounds, Mr. Richardson, his backer, still expresses his unbounded confidence in his *protege's* ability to bring off the affair in his favor. The friends of Dan Thomas were equally sanguine, but still there was no betting beyond a few pounds, at evens, on the result.

Testimonial to Joe Goss, of Northampton.—On Wednesday evening, March 26th, a good company assembled at Mr. W. Thomas', Crow and Horse Shoe, Gold street, to see a very handsome testimonial presented to Joe Goss. The house was crammed to the ceiling. Among the professionals were Young Shaw, Gollagher, W. Gillam, Nat Langham's Black, the Brighton Doctor, and Jack Rooke. Several good sets-to took place. In fact, such a display of the art of self-defence had never before been witnessed in the town of Northampton, and then came the event of the evening. Mr. W. Thomas then stepped to the front, and in a very neat speech, amidst loud cheering, presented the testimonial to Joe Goss, who respectfully thanked them for their kindness and courtesy. Just as he had finished, Rooke stepped forward, and filled the cup with champagne, which was handed round to the company. The testimonial is a very handsome silver wine cup, with two handles beautifully chased and engraved, value, forty guineas, provided by Mr. A. Picken, draper, Northampton. The following inscription is engraved:—"Testimonial to Joseph Goss, presented by Mr. W. Thomas, Crow and Horse Shoe Inn, and his Northampton friends, in acknowledgment of his general good, upright, and manly conduct, both in public and private life. March 26, 1862."

Ruffles and Lucas, £5 a Side.—The fight between the above men is off, in consequence of the referee having given Ruffles twelve weeks to get his arm well, a certificate from the surgeon having been given that the small bone (the radius) was fractured. The long time given, and the smallness of the stake, was no doubt the cause of the men drawing the money.

Charley Lynch, the American, announces that, from the lateness of his arrival from the mill between King and Reardon, his contemplated benefit was postponed to Monday, April 7, to take place at Jem Ward's. He also challenges Bill Gillam to an encounter in the P. R., at 8st 4lb, for £50 a side, or Tom Tyler at catch weight. That, if not good Lynch law, is good Lynch talk.

BILLIARDS.

Roberts vs. Dufton.—The following are the details of the billiard match played at Norwich, Eng., during the week ending March 22, by these eminent players. Mr. Dufton, although playing in a very neat style, was completely distanced by his opponent, for while Dufton's greatest break was only 40, and his next best 26, Roberts scored 176 off one break, and 126 off another, while he made 60, 41, 32, 31, &c., at other points of the play. Score:

Mr. Dufton.—2 6 3 9 11 23 7 17 19 1 2 5 2 8 20 2 13 3 2 5 8 8 16 6 17 4 26 4 10 9 3 1 40 15 14 2 14 24 5 1 12 5 17 22 2 8 2 6 2 4 2 1 3 6 7 6 7.

Mr. Roberts.—1 6 10 3 10 4 12 4 5 27 32 25 2 6 31 1 3 2 28 14 4 3 3 126 22 11 6 2 15 17 31 4 6 6 8 18 29 8 6 1 3 3 9 41 176 3 1 24 29 24 10 8 5 60 6 3 14.

Oxford.—The match of 1,000 up between W. Dufton, of London, and W. Hine, of Oxford, came off on Monday evening, March 24, before a good muster, Dufton giving 400 points and choice of table. The stakes, £20 a side, were duly posted, and an offer, on the part of Dufton, to double the sum, met with no response. The play commenced at 6.45, and finished about 10.40, Dufton winning by 75 points. Hine played very plucky throughout, Dufton not catching him till 903 all, and then finishing in three breaks. The scores were not large, Dufton's being a 48, 46, and several of 30 and 20 off the balls. Hine made a 36, and several of 20.

Oxford and Cambridge Universities Match.—The match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will take place on the eve of the contemplated boat race.

CRICKET.

The Ground Bowlers at Lord's for 1862.—There will be several changes among the professional bowlers at headquarters in the forthcoming season. Jemmy Dean, after nineteen years' honorable service with the club, retires with all his blushing honors thick upon him; George Wells means pitching his wampum in Australia for a few years to come; Brampton is permanently engaged at Marlborough College; and Caleb Robinson does *not* return to headquarters. These vacancies have been filled up, and we learn from authority that the professional bowlers to the Marylebone Club for 1862, will be Grundy, Rogers, Hearne, George Chatterton, Bennett, George Baker, (the Kent left-hander) George Wootton, (the Nottingham left-hander) and young Thomas Nixon, of Nottingham.

The Ground Bowlers at the Oval for 1862.—Here also is a change or two from last season, and some very promising young blood engaged as practice bowlers. It is stated that the Surrey groung trundlers for 1862 are Griffith, Sewell, jun., Heartfield, T. Humphrey, Pooley, Gunn, Geo. Street, and Taylor.

SPARRING.

A Night At Fives Court.—A sparring entertainment, for the joint benefit of Harry Lazarus and Mike Trainor, was given at the Fives Court, 600 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, April 9th. The evening was stormy, which somewhat interfered with the attendance, but, notwithstanding this drawback, there was a pretty good house, and no doubt the "soldier boys" realized a "century." Old Father Tovee, as usual, officiated as director of the amusements, and, for the opening set-to, he coupled Billy Dunmore and Tom Higgins, whose efforts were well received. A set-to on the glove fight order followed, in which Tom O'Connor and Mick Dorsey contested. It was a spirited affair, and the boxers were loudly applauded; they were succeeded by Dick Nolan and McMahon; and they, in turn, gave place to Jim Giddings and Bill Clark, who made a most excellent display. When Clark appears, we always look out for a treat in the way of sparring. Ed. McGonigle, and Jerry Conklin were the next couple, followed by Jack Bath and Charley Orr; they went to hard work, and gave each other some pretty severe thumps. It was a lively affair all through. Jem Kerrigan and Billy Donnelly made some nice points, especially the latter, but Kerrigan did uncommonly well with such a clever boxer as Donnelly. Another glove fight then took place between those feather weights, Mick Dorsey and Hollywood; the set-to gave much satisfaction. Mick Smith, and Fitz, of Providence, made a neat set-to, to the evident gratification of the spectators. Then came the one-armed boxer, O'Harra, and his friend, whose antics kept the house in roars of laughter. "One-arm" seemed to have things pretty much his own way, and punched his friend where and when he liked. The latter is certainly a "friend in deed." Dwyer and Drumgoold then went to work, giving and taking without stint. The venerable Master of Ceremonies now appeared, and apologized for Harry Lazarus, who, although present, was unable to set-to, in consequence of having an attack of erysipelas, his condition being apparent to those in the hall. Jack Bath volunteered to take his place, and Jack and Mike Trainor gave the wind-up. Tovee returned thanks in behalf of the *beneficiaries*, and at the close of the wind-up, the spectators departed.

Boxing Exhibition in Boston.—After a lull, boxing was revived in Boston on the 8th inst., on the occasion of a benefit given to Professor W. Taylor, at Chapman Hall. It was supposed to be a private exhibition, but a good many "outsiders" were present. The sparrers embraced James Kelley and Wm. Denny; Thomas Smith and John Evans; Morrill and Kane; Billy Clark and Sullivan; Young Colley and Johnny Colbert; Fitzgerald of Liverpool and Sullivan; and to top off with, Professor Taylor himself, and Charley Godfrey; embracing light weights, and heavy weights, and nearly all classes of pugilistic skill. The couples were all pretty well matched, and gave evidence of that science which is obtained only by practice.

In Trouble.—Johnny Morris, of Boston, while in a Saloon in Grand street one evening last week, had a dispute with a man by the name of Welch, which resulted in the latter being beaten. Morris was arrested, and taken before Judge Kelly, at Jefferson Market; fined ten dollars, and put under bonds of $300 to keep the peace for six months.

A Musical Note.—If Capt. Wilkes had not challenged the Trent on the high *C* he would have been *A* flat. Whatever *tone* Lord Palmerston may have taken, Mason and Slidell have been taught the use of a *stone instrument* with *additional keys*, and should anything happen to Col. Corcoran, their last lesson should have been on a *single string*.

A Smart Youth.—"I know what snow is papa." "What, my son?" "It is popped water, papa."

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

THE LATE BILLIARD MATCH
BETWEEN FOLEY AND KAVANAGH.

The unexpected result of the late billiard match between these men, has led many to suppose that it was a cross, and we must confess that it did have somewhat that appearance at first sight, particularly to those who have but a limited knowledge of the game. To those who are "up" in the sport, the contrary, we think, will appear. We are well aware that were it a set thing for Kavanagh to lose, we are the last parties that would be let into the secret, because of our constant and frequent exposures of frauds in the sporting world. Therefore, it should not appear partial if we take the ground that the match was fair and square. Kavanagh is a respectable young man in billiard circles, doing business in Fulton street; on his reputation for honesty, lies his success in life. As he defeated Foley in Cleveland so easily, odds of 3 to 1 were asked by the latter's friends; so that it is doubted whether they won more than $300 outside of the main stakes. Aside from monetary transactions, however, let us look at the progress of the game. Foley started with the lead, which by great effort Kavanagh took from him. If he, Kavanagh, intended to throw the match, would he not rather have allowed his opponent to retain it, so as to give the game an up-hill appearance? Instead of that, however, at the 79th turn he was 100 points ahead, which Foley made up on his next count. It may be said, in reply, that that is just where he let up; not so, in our opinion, for he could have done that in a less clumsy manner, and less critical position, and certainly he would not have been so silly as to attempt to gain the lead after that if he wanted to lose; but he did, and in turning 1000 was again 100 points ahead, and was again ahead when two-thirds of the game was played, for at the 131st turn he ran 108, all of which was silly business if he meant to lose. But we have still a stronger argument, against the opinion that he threw off, which lies in the fact that he made no less than *twenty-six accidental pockets*, which scored for his opponent over 70 points, twice as many points as he was beaten by, to say nothing of what he might have made had he not pocketed his ball in that manner. Furthermore, his best runs, of 66, 36, 61, 51, 47, and 108, and the last run he made in the game—20—were all brought to a termination in a similar way. Aside from this, we are of the opinion that his opponent will agree with us in saying that the last portion of the game (in which Foley displayed most consummate shrewdness, as well as nerve of the utmost sturdiness,) was enough to defeat any man. We have written thus much to defend the character of a young man rising in the world, from what we consider an unjust suspicion. It by no means follows, however, that we are absolutely correct in our opinion, although the line of argument we have adopted bears us out in it; but should we at any future time find that we are mistaken, we shall at once hasten to make amends. In reference to Foley's nerve, we can quote no better authority than John Morrissey, who remarked on leaving the hall, "If that isn't a plucky young shaver I don't know one." There should be some motive for a fraud, if such were intended; and what motive there could have been in this case we have yet to learn, for we are credibly informed that the sum bet outside of the stakes did not reach $500, so that money could not have been the motive. Some of Kavanagh's staunchest friends offered to bet 3 to 2, and such odds, but were only able to get on to a very trifling amount. Kavanagh was unfortunate, and played, at times, very badly indeed, but not intentionally so, as far our judgment goes. Let us not attempt to crush the prospects of a rising young man, unless there is some sort of evidence to convict him of a wilful wrong.

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

THE moral character of any pursuit is best estimated by its consequences to individuals, and its effects upon society. Those exercises which, in their nature and operation, have a direct tendency to draw the bands of society closer together by friendly intercourse; which substitute the feats of the man for the freaks of the fop; hardihood for effeminacy; dexterity for luxurious indolence; which are free from the taint of selfishness, cruelty and oppression, and which may be pursued without shame, compunction or reproach, are entitled to especial encouragement and consideration, in a matter so important as that of the adoption of a sportive science for the people. Seeing that the generality of mankind have the entail of labor as the lot of their inheritance, it is obviously necessary that there should be some relieving outlet in the shape of occasional diversion, if the machinery of the constitution, both mental and physical, is to be kept in working order. The mental faculties are rarely able to develope themselves unless the body, by necessary improvement, wholesome air, and proper exercise, be in a healthy state. Relaxation, therefore, is as important to the mind as oil is to the steam engine. This fact being granted, the question arises, what is the best recreation to enjoy, or what exercise is there that we can pursue, that at the same time it affords us all the advantages of a healthful recreation, is also free from any objectionable features? In reply, we beg to state that the game of Cricket comes nearer our idea of the desideratum required, than any other sport or pastime we are acquainted with. Every Cricketer ought to be proud of the position his favorite game has attained. It has earned and received the epithets of vigorous, noble, healthy, manly and rational. The objections which used to be raised against the public practice of sports, viz.: that the amusements of children were perpetuated by others of a larger growth, cannot be applied to cricket. Manliness is one of its primary characteristics, and, in its practice, all those qualifications which can inspire bravery in time of need, are admirably evolved. Cricket now takes precedence amongst existing sports, from its adaptation to the means and wants of all; the rich, the poor, the old, and young, the weak and strong. Unlike the great majority of games of chance, where excitement, often prejudicial to health, is induced, cricket gives a salutary tone to the whole system, strengthening at one and the same time all the functions both of mind and body. Moralists, of the sterner sort, who weigh the actions of men in the nicest balance, have never discovered in cricket any tendency to a transgression of the decalogue, beyond that of its being worshipped with too much ardor, and this, in a measure, is stoned for by the spirit of cheerfulness it educes.

BRADY'S 7TH REGIMENT GYMNASIUM.—On Thursday, April 10th, Mr. Abner S. Brady was favored with a complimentary exhibition by the members of his establishment, and on the evening of that day his celebrated gymnasium was attended by quite a numerous and fashionable assemblage, to witness the various athletic exercises performed by the skilled gymnasts of his school. In consequence of the drill of the right wing of the 7th regiment, Mr. Brady was deprived of the services of many of his well trained pupils, who would otherwise have been in attendance; as it was, however, there were quite a talented troupe present, the Gymnasia of 23d street and Bayard street having able representatives there. The names of those who performed are as follows:—Messrs. A. S. Brady, J. Brady, C. Brady, Connor, St. John Brothers, O'Neil, Swift, Bell, Ladd, and Montague. There were one or two others whose names we were unable to procure. Of those who performed, the Messrs. Brady, O'Neil and Connor, most distinguished thnmselves. The following is the programme of the exercises:—

1. Exercises on the Vaulting Horse,
2. Dumb Bells,
3. Parallel Bars,
4. Indian Clubs,
5. Single Bar,
6. Pole Exercise,
7. Flying Rings,
8. Tumbling,
9. Peg Pole,
10. Ladders,
11. Double Trapeze,
12. Rack Bars.

Of the above, the performance on the double trapeze, by Messrs. Ladd and Bell, were especially praiseworthy, and the raising of the body by one arm, back and front, horizontally, by Messrs. O'Neil and Conner, was a truly surprising feat of muscular strength. Indeed we regarded this exercise as the feature of the exhibition. We noticed the Hanlon Brothers were present, as well as the leading gymnasts from Burnham's Gymnasium in Brooklyn. At the close of the regular exercises, all present were invited to join in the "hop" that concluded the entertainment of the evening. The preliminary address was made by Mr. Van Vleck, recently connected with the San Francisco gymnasium, who in his introductory remarks stated, that the entertainment provided for the guests of the evening would consist of a little thin soup, in the way of a speech; a substantial repast, such as the gymnastic exercises; and a desert in the form of a dance, in which the ladies would form the tempting dishes.

LONDON GOSSIP.—*From the Clipper's Correspondent.*—Young Ben Caunt has had his spirit license renewed, and is in ecstacies over it. I hope the house will be better conducted in future. Ben seems a clever fellow, and ought to prosper. He was married a few months ago.....Harry Broome's house is shut up, and a bill outside, "closed for repairs," which looks suspicious. I'm afraid he's "gone in," altogether.....Professor Harrison advertised to show a big 'un (on the 22d) at his drum, who wants to fight Mace; but it was buncombe, as are all such baits, to get the verdants to go there to "licker".....Young Lead, the boxer, was "sent up" for nine months, for robbing a man of his watch, two weeks ago. He picked up the flat at Mace's house, but took him to another beer shop to give him a lesson in sparring. Lead led off at Mr. Gardner's vest pocket, seized his guard, bit it off the watch, collared the latter, and beat a retreat back to Mace's, where he was arrested. He was sentenced Feb. 18, at the Middlesex Sessions. Served him right. I knew him to be a desperate little cuss, but never thought he was a professional thief.....By the Hibernian, which sails tomorrow from Liverpool, I send with this, George King and Patsy Reardon's fight, which was a disgusting affair throughout. There's a great deal of humbug or "barney" about the fights in this country. It's hard to say which. Verily, the P. R. is going to the dogs.....By-the-way, I've just heard that Mace and Tom King have had a falling out, and don't go in double-harness now. If the rumor be true, it's no more than I anticipated in my recent report of their exhibition. I don't see how they can avoid a fresh match. It's all very fine for a champion to square it with the very man most likely to flax him out, to save his own bacon, and keep *the* belt on easy terms. It's not hard to tell a "hawk from a hernshaw," and despite all the loud talk of Mace's prowess, he is a long way behind Tom Sayers.....Alec Keene is to produce a man to fight Joe Goss at 147 lbs.; the meeting is set down for the 27th. Alec's man is Bob Travers, so the knowing ones say..... To-morrow, I go to hear the debates in Parliament, having just received an order from Richard Cobden.....By next steamer, I will send you an account of my interview with Jack McDonald.

"PATHOLOGY OF THE REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS," by T. Russell Trall, M. D., "THE SEXUAL ORGANISM, AND ITS HEATHFUL MANAGEMENT," by James C. Jackson, M. D., and "BATHS, AND HOW TO TAKE THEM," by Harriet N. Austin, M. D., in one volume, published by B. Leverett Emerson, Boston, 1862. We have the presumption to notice this suggestive volume because we frequently receive letters from our sporting friends, and other correspondents, who may be "a little out of condition," and very anxious to be able to say "Dat's what's de matter." That this is a suggestive volume must be admitted, we think, by either a professional or a non-professional reader. Any criticism from us, we expect, is not likely to be quoted among the orthodox (or hetorodox) medical reviews, and therefore we feel at liberty to state our opinions from the stand-point of common sense.

Engaged, as we are, in advocating a general reform of our social habits and opportunities for physical improvement, we hail with delight any suggestive influences that may be brought to bear upon our favorite line of action, come from what quarter it may, the clergy, the medical profession, the legal quidnuncs, or the "outside barbarians" of the sporting world. We therefore take great pleasure in recommending the above volume to a fair and candid consideration among all classes. Every chapter is valuable, and all the subjects of those chapters are well chosen. "The proper study of mankind is man," and we all need to know more of ourselves, our organs, our passions, our conditions, etc., than we generally do. This book is well adapted for such a course of reading, and, like the "New England Family Medicine," written by Drs. Capron and Slack, of Providence, R. I., about fifteen years ago, has its language so popularized as to be useful in every house. Boston is "great in all good works."

THE LATE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—This event, which occupied the attention of the public so much in the first week of the present month, did not, we are sorry to say, equal expectations, the play in all the contests being slow, and but few brilliant shots, in proportion, having been made. A good round sum was realised for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Joseph White, amounting in all, we are informed, to upwards of $700. This is well, and as "all is well that ends well," we doubt not the public will be satisfied; and as this was the first event of the sort that was ever gotten up here on so extended a scale, we doubt not the conductors will improve on it in future billiard exhibitions. Foley's average in his match with Kavanagh was but 9 1-2, and Kavanagh's a little over 9 1-4; in the 1000 points with Deery, however, Foley improved matters by making an average of 11 and 21 over, Deery's being but half of that. In the 21 games, Foley won the shortest game, winning the 11th in three counts of 53, 23, and 24, while Deery made the highest count in the 8th game, 78, which, had it occurred in the 1000 points game, or had the articles of agreement been strictly adhered to, would have won for him the bet of $250, which his opponent secured by a run of 66. Kavanagh's 108, in his 130th turn, in his match with Foley, was the highest of the whole play, which would have been increased but for an accidental pocket on making a 5 shot. Foley's 99 and 94 was his heaviest artillery. Stone's 95, and Fox's 90 and 89, on the first night's play, were also big figures. That so few long runs were made is a marvel, but goes to show the "glorious uncertainty" of the game, but for which it would lose half its interest, and matches would be of seldom occurrence.

OUR THEATRICAL RECORD.—Our theatrical summary of the movements and business of the profession has grown so extensive, that we find it necessary to classify the different branches under appropriate heads, so that any particular performance or business that the reader may be in search of, can now be found more readily than under our late system. We have this week inaugurated our new policy under the various heads of Theatricals, Minstrelsy, Circuses, Music Halls and Concert Saloons, and Miscellaneous. There is no paper in the country that gives so complete a summary of the movements of the profession as the CLIPPER.

BOWLING.—The efforts of the gentlemen interested in getting up a bowling club, have, so far, been attended with success, and the prospects of such an institution are good. They hold an adjourned meeting at Mr. James Howell's, The House of Lords, in Houston street, just east of Broadway, on the evening of Wednesday, 23d inst., when the organization will, without a doubt, be completed. Their playing-grounds will be in the centre of the New York Cricket Club grounds, which are being put in excellent condition, having undergone a process of seeding, rolling, watering, etc. The necessary balls are being manufactured from first-class models furnished by a gentleman who knows "the how" of the game in all its details, and who intends, we believe, to take a hand in. This is a favorite recreation, as well as one of the oldest games of Old England, and may, to all intents and purposes, be termed a gentleman's game. For those advanced in years, or who are, from the nature of their business, unaccustomed to exercise, or who have arrived at Aldermanic proportions, it is eminently adapted. For these reasons, we expect it will become popular with us among men of all sizes, weights, and ages.

"HOW ARE YOU GENERAL BEAUREGARD!"—Bull Run cannot be repeated. General Beauregard has fearfully experienced this fact, in the defeat of himself and army at Pittsburgh Landing, where the rebels had a "surprise party" prepared for the benefit of the Union forces, but where the former, in turn, were surprised at the invincible character of our Western soldiers. The rebels begin to see things in a different light, now-a-days. It used to be that one rebel was a match for five Yankees. That bubble has burst. Hear what the Memphis Avalanche *now* says:—

"We must repudiate the dull and lagging system of the past; the hanging on to entrenchments; the waiting for assault, and above all, *the idle counsel of Southern invulnerability and Yankee cowardice.* When we shall have done this we shall have made a beginning that promises substantial results."

If the rebels cannot fight behind entrenchments, we cannot see what chance they have in the open field.

TEN.—Here we are, in new rig. The NEW YORK CLIPPER enters upon its tenth volume, with this issue, with favorable prospects for a successful voyage. We shall make no promises, but let the paper speak for itself as it progresses onward. There has never been a sporting and theatrical paper published on this continent that has been so extensively patronised and encouraged as the CLIPPER. No other paper of its class has ever equalled it in circulation, and probably never will; for we have the inside track, and the stamina to carry us through in a long race for popularity. Since the CLIPPER started, many attempts have been made to compete with us, but all have proved disastrous to those engaged in such fruitless enterprises; and while some have decreased, others manage to exist through the kindness of friends rather than through any merit of their own. Here's the CLIPPER, the only live sporting and theatrical journal in the country. Price 4 cents.

GETTING TIGHT.—It is a very easy thing for a man who "nips it" to get tight, or tipsy, as the saying is, when nothing of the kind is intended. The habit almost imperceptibly grows upon those who indulge in the use of "spiritual" beverages, and almost before they are aware of it, many of them become confirmed drunkards. Any thing that has a tendency to alleviate the sufferings of this class of persons is a blessing, and should be tried. We have understood that a Dr. Williams, of Buffalo, N. Y., prepares a powder, harmless in its composition, which obviates all those distressing sensations arising from an injudicious use of strong drink, and causes the drinker to give up the cup almost in spite of himself. We are told that this is no humbug, and for this reason we call attention to it, that those suffering may try this means of relief.

OUR REGARDS.—On the occasion of the surrender of Fort Sumter, the following lines appeared in some of the Southern papers:—

"With mortar, Paixhan, and petard,
We tender Old Abe our Beau-regard."

Things having changed somewhat, and the rebels catching it front and rear, causing them to flee from the wrath to come, our Western friends now return the rebel's poetic courtesies in this wise:—

"With the rebels all routed and flying with fear,
We tender Jeff. Davis our Foote in his rear."

A HEAVY HAND ON CARDS.—What do you think of twenty cents a pack on playing cards? Such is the tax imposed in the bill now before Congress. Rather heavy, isn't it? Considering that a great proportion of the cards in use are of an inferior quality, ranging in price from 10 cents up to 25, this imposition of 20 cents, as a tax on each pack, seems like ringing in a "cold deck" on the boys; now don't it? The players will have to be a little more "keerful" of the "papers" in future.

TERRIBLE.—We find the following startling paragraph in the La Crosse, Wis., *Democrat.* Somebody has evidently been again hoaxing Pomeroy:—

"Terrible Gardner and Bill Tovee, two old prize-fighters, had a terrible fight in a bar-room at New York, Saturday night. They are both over seventy years of age, and after ten rounds were stopped by the police."

No other paper has the news.

DEATH OF A PEDESTRIAN.—George Brown, a pedestrian well known in Boston and vicinity, died in Charlestown, Mass, a few weeks since, of tumor in the bowels. Some few years ago, when foot-racing was so popular in Massachusetts, Brown was somewhat noted for his running, especially in long distances.

CHAS. CLIFTON TO NED JAMES.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—Your reply (to my letter of February 14th) which is published in the CLIPPER of April 5th, has been read by me with great pleasure; because I am glad to see that you received my remarks in the same friendly spirit that animated me when they were written; and I am still further delighted to hear you speak of the great middle classes of England as possessing not feelings of envy and hatred towards this country, as some people delight and insist on asserting they do, but as being animated by feelings of kindness and sympathy for the people of this country, and admiration and pride for its institutions and greatness—which they look upon as a triumphant piece of architecture (not Doric, or Grecian, or Italian, but Saxon) erected by their own blood. I reiterate most cordially the wish, that soon the people of either nation may learn to know each other better; then it will be out of the power of demagogues, newspaper editors, or mongrel politicians to mislead and inflame them against each other for their own selfish ends; that, indeed, as Hamlet says, "Is a consummation devoutly to be wished." Well, its not past praying for yet. But about those blue coat boys, and the long and short (horned, I'd like to have put it) haired system; you still seem unwilling to own up that point, and only "hope it is as I said." Now, why in the name of all the saints, do you, Ned, above all others, either hope or doubt the subject; you say you have seen them at play a hundred times. Can't you moralise on their top-knots, as the prince above named did on that of Yorick's, and satisfy yourself at once whether it is so or not. But enough of this, its dry now.

And now, Ned, I must pay you a compliment ("nay do not think I flatter"). It is that I think your report of the sparring at Jerry Noon's benefit, as published in the CLIPPER, is the very best I have yet *seen* in the columns of that, or any other sporting paper in America. That's so; but what in the name of wonder did Tom Tyler mean by saying his *hands were rotten?* It's a queer place to have such symptoms show themselves, to say the least. I never saw or heard of such a thing before, though I have walked some hospitals, but why, I am not going to discuss, as we well know that Tom is a "rara avis in terris". Ah, Ned! I agree with you entirely, that it is most disgusting to see boxers at sparring exhibitions go around with the hat to get money for "lush." It is true, there are some that are really in need of funds for other purposes. I have a suggestion to make which, if adopted, would procure for the men in question far more assistance than they get by the present detestable system. (Here, let's drink. Here's to you, Ned, and may your shadow never grow less.) It is this—that any of the men who are to set-to, and wish to get a little money on the occasion, should hand in their names to the Master of the Ceremonies, and then let him make an appeal on their behalf, (before the final set-to), gather up the needful himself as it is thrown on the stage, and make an *equal* distribution. I feel certain the sporting men would invariably respond freely and liberally, the men would get more money, and not disgrace themselves by begging. Is the idea feasible? What *do you think?*

If there's anything in my scribbling there ought not to be, Mr. Queen will act as censor of the press, and *sup*-press it. I'd write some more, but I know the above mentioned gentleman wouldn't print it. He's growling, now, I know, at the length of this letter. I shall be most happy to hear that you spend your time agreeably in the old country, and if you allow me, I shall be most happy to send you some letters of introduction.

Vale si' et bene est bene Ego bene Vale.

CHAS. CLIFTON.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER ONE.

SENORA ISABEL CUBAS.

In travelling from Madrid into the south of Spain, the voyager crosses the bare and desolate heights of the Sierra Morena, which, like the Karste or the Montenegrin mountains, extend through the country, a range of wild, unbroken, unproductive peaks. He then reaches the most delightful province of the Pyrenean peninsula—beautiful Andalusia. The landscape spreads like an Eden around, watered by the proud Guadalquiver, and diversified by undulating hills, which are covered with orange and lemon trees. The sun sheds a glowing warmth over this beauteous country, while its intense heat is tempered by the sea breezes which come from the neighboring ocean. Nowhere does the Spanish blood throb with a warmer glow in the veins of man, nowhere does womanish beauty attain nearer to the ideal than here.

The character of the Andalusian women, like most of those of Southern Europe, (Turkey excepted) has something peculiarly vigorous, which, by its boldness, activity and fire, always makes a deep impression on those of the North. And in the dance, where passionate force is so well expressed in the motions of the body, this is peculiarly apparent. The Andalusian possesses withal, a true womanly grace, and an inclination towards melancholy, which subdues and tempers her wonted vivacity and buoyancy.

Isabel Cubas belongs to a family of artists whose members have enjoyed for many years an extended fame in their native country. Her grandfather, Pedro Cubas, was, if we may judge from reliable information, one of the best comic actors which Spain has ever produced. For a space of eleven years he was engaged at the royal theatre of Madrid, enjoying the favor of the public, as well as that of the Court. A paralysis of the face almost deprived the artist of the continuance of a career of unusual success, when the Queen expressed a wish to see him act once more. A poet was found who wrote a piece in which Pedro Cubas was made to appear in an easy chair; and he sustained the character with such impressive strength and ability, that the laughter, the applause, and the recall after the performance, seemed as if they would never end. The play was often repeated, and Pedro afterwards played several of his favorite parts sitting, with extraordinary success. The great talent of the father seemed to descend to the son, John Cubas, Isabel's father, who is considered, even to this day, one of the first actors of Spain. He married a *danseuse* of the royal theatre of Madrid, named Pepa Alfaro, a lady celebrated for her remarkable ability and attainments in her profession.

Isabel was born in Cadiz, in 1831, where her parents were at that time engaged. The child possessed all the true Andalusian warmth, the animation and restless vigor which characterize all the daughters of that beautiful country, and gave signs, even in early youth, of most extraordinary talent for the dance, for which her mother proved a most able and finished teacher.

The technical difficulties were soon mastered by Isabel; and so far as the grace, the fire and the abandon of the art were concerned, her own genial nature proved to be her best teacher. When scarcely thirteen she was engaged as a solo dancer in Madrid; and after dancing in some of the first theatres of Spain, she returned to Madrid, where she concluded an engagement of two years.

The greater the success which the young danseuse met with in Madrid, the more she found herself confined within limits which she longed to extend. The young Andalusian had looked on the deep blue sea, and had dreamed of worlds beyond. The eager desire of every true artist to extend the area of success, impressed her deeply, and led her to long for travel; and in November, 1855, we find Isabel at Turin, where she made her *debut* at Cariquan Theatre, in company with a Spanish troupe of dancers. From Turin she went to Milan, where she appeared in December of the same year; and in January, 1856, with the same troupe, at the Canobiano and Carcano Theatres. The success which she achieved at Milan was the more signal because of the presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and the *elite* of Milan society, who witnessed the Senorita's performance. Here she was dancing upon the off nights of the opera, but so complete was her triumph, that Melpomene was obliged to give way to Terpsichore, who ruled supreme. Our Spanish beauty was compelled to dance six nights in the week, and this was not enough, for hundreds were turned nightly from the doors of the theatre. Isabel began a series of performances at the Gallo and San Benedetto Theatres, in Venice, with increasing success. She aroused great enthusiasm in the months of May and June following, at Bucharest, where she attracted the particular notice of Prince Ghika and his lady, by whom she was invited to dance the Prince's favorite dances, El Ole and Madrilena, at his country seat, before the Prince's household and guests.

In December of the same year she appeared at the Odessa Theatre, and although there were no dramatic performances at the time, the house was filled for five months, every evening that she appeared. From Odessa she returned for a while to Spain, and then went upon her second artistic tour, which extended to Constantinople. She arrived there in December, 1857, and remained till May, 1859. The cold-blooded Moslems, as well as strangers there, were fired by the beauty and grace of Senora Cubas. She danced repeatedly in the Sultan's private theatre, and also on the occasion of the two daughters of Abdul Medschid; and she received numerous invitations from the Turkish nobles, such as Osman Bey, Mahomed Ali, the Sultan's brother-in-law, and Ismael Pasha. After eighteen months at Constantinople, Isabel visited Alexandria and Cairo, and took passage in August, 1859, for Malta, where she appeared at the Royal Theatre. Thence she went to Tunis, and started on her third tour, which led her first to London, where she danced from December, 1859, to March, 1860. From London she went to Paris, where she appeared at the Varieties; to Brussels in May, Berlin in June, Dresden in July, and Breslau in August. During this tour she appeared in all the cities of Northern and Middle Germany, and met everywhere the same warm appreciation from the public and critics. Even in Vienna, where the recollections of Pepita could not be forgotten, and where everything that was Spanish had since met with indifference, Isabel Cubas obtained a complete triumph, which was the more remarkable since she had been able to overthrow the prejudices which had remained in regard to her countrywoman.

From Vienna she went to Perth, Munich, and other cities of Central Europe; to Copenhagen, Stockholm and Ocleuse, in January, February and March, 1861, and in April she was at Hamburg. From the last named place she proceeded to Liverpool, where she took the steamer for America. She arrived at New York in May, 1861, having been engaged by Mr. James Nixon. Owing to a variety of circumstances, a postponement of her *debut* in this country until September, was rendered necessary. For one week she performed at the Winter Garden, New York, and when in the very midst of triumphs, she was hurried to Boston to appear upon the "off nights" of Mr. Edwin Forrest's season at the New Boston Theatre. In the "Athens of America" also did she excite the greatest enthusiasm, and the beautiful *danseuse* must derive great satisfaction from the knowledge that in less than one month she obtained in this country laurels as bright as even the most enthusiastic patron of the dance in the Old World ever bestowed. On the 5th of December, 1861, she made her *debut* in Philadelphia, at the Academy of Music, and continued upon the off nights of the engagement of Mr. Forrest at that place of amusement.

At the close of the Philadelphia engagement the author of this sketch was engaged by Manager Nixon to travel with Senorita Cubas on a starring tour, as business agent. Baltimore was the next city visited, the beautiful Cubas opening at the Front Street Theatre, on Monday evening, January 6th, to a very crowded house. She remained throughout the week, the business increasing each night up to closing, when hundreds were turned away unable to obtain even standing room. The following Monday this great artist was announced to appear at Washington, but in consequence of an accident having befallen her, she was obliged to forego that engagement for awhile. This was a great disappointment to the Washington public, as quite an excitement had been created by the announcement of her appearance. She returned to Philadelphia, where she remained two weeks, at the expiration of which time she fully recovered from her indisposition, and was able to resume her engagement in Washington, where she made her *debut*, Monday evening, January 27th, to a house crowded in every part—hundreds were turned away unable to obtain a sight of the stage. Business continued immense each night of her appearance. On the occasion of her benefit, every seat in the house was sold in less than one hour after the box-office opened in the morning—in fact, the crowd was so great that an additional office for the securing of seats was opened at Metzeroot's Music Store. Never since the building was erected has there been seen such immense throngs of people as poured in during the engagement of this artist. On her closing night the excitement to gain admittance was greater if possible than on any previous occasions. During her engagement here she was nightly the recipient of many very beautiful and costly presents. She was pronounced by the press of both cities—Baltimore and Washington—to be the most beautiful woman and most finished artist ever seen in those cities. From Washington she returned once more to New York. She re-appeared at the Winter Garden Theatre, Monday evening, February 3d, then under the management of John S. Clarke, the very popular low comedian. Previous to her opening, business at this popular place of amusement had fallen off considerably for a week or so, but on her making her *rentre* she was greeted with an overflowing house, and for three weeks business remained good, but not great. On the opening of the fourth and last week of this highly successful engagement, she made her first appearance in a Spanish ballet, written by M. Magilier. The dance was arranged under the direction of Mons. Paul Brillant. The ballet proved a great hit and she continued to appear in it throughout the week.

After closing in New York she was engaged for a western tour. Miss Cubas, is a dancer of the school of Signora Soto, who a few years since created a great *furore* in this country, by her "taking style." She has the same wild abandon and enthusiastic devotion of every limb and feature to the effects of the music. She dances with a fire and passion which seem irresistible. She is very graceful, has a good figure, and a face which for stage purposes is satisfactory. In character dances, she is excellent; and by her professional earnestness should become a great favorite in this country.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

A SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER ONE.

THE LION OF THE DAY.

SPURGEON, THE SENSATION PREACHER.

On two previous occasions I had been unsuccessful in gaining admittance to see and hear the "Great Spurgeon," the lion-preacher of the day. Since then my time has been spent pretty much in Birmingham, where I have from time to time had a say about this thing and the other, but getting weary of the monotony of walking the town over and over again until I knew almost every street, I concluded to go up again to London for another glance at the gay village. It is rather curious how domesticated I am becoming to the surrounding objects and associations—in fact so accustomed to London society, London habits, and London in all its multifarious lights and shades, that were I to stay here another year, the place would transform me into a regular cockney so far as dress and habits are concerned. It seems just as natural to take a stroll through Belgravia as it used to be to promenade Fifth Avenue, while it is a particular pleasure to have a walk as far as Tattersalls, at Hyde Park corner, then enter Hyde Park, take up a position in Rotten Row, and watch the titled ladies gallantly racing up and down the road, accompanied by their liveried attendants on horseback; these dashing equestrienes draw crowds of the sterner sex towards the spot, fascinated by the "pretty horse-breakers," as some of the dailies here designate them. But we must talk about these matters some other time, or we shall never get to Spurgeon's place at all, and as that is the subject for dissection, I will do away with the usual description of how to get there, jump in a cab, shut my eyes, oblivious to everything until cabby tumbles me out in an open space where six roads branch out, viz: Newington Butts, St. George's Road, London Road, Newington Causeway, New Kent Road, and Walworth Road, where the Spurgeon's temple stands, just beyond an equally favorite resort of ye-ungodly, the Elephant-and-Castle gin shop.

As usual, the thoroughfare was blockaded by the lovers of novelty and sensations in the pulpit, myself included of course. I had purposely gone without tea to be early, and reached in the very nick of time, taking up a position near the strangers' entrance, so as to be ready when the gate opened. It could'nt have been over half-past five, while the outer gates don't open till half-past six, yet some four or five thousand persons were already assembled to take their chances. The church is of such vast extent, that with the yard combined, in space there is little left of a New York block: therefore we will suppose it occupies a block, for the sake of simplicity. An extensive railing served to keep the crowd at bay until the proper time for opening, when they rushed in precisely as boys do at the gallery entrance of the Surrey Theatre—but this was only preliminary, for it was another half hour ere the church doors were unfastened. After seeing so much jostling and jollying in the outer court, I was fully prepared for the scene in the inner one, though perhaps you are not. Well, then, to commence, one of the "unordained" started an harangue which, I regret to say, set many giggling: one suggested he hadn't dined, another wanted a change of note, while a third imagined him a "looney." A profane wretch said quite audibly that it wasn't half so good as "Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog," at Drury Lane, thereby raising a general laugh at the exhorter's expense. I must confess he was about right, for the piece above-named has had an extraordinary run, as I know, but it was an act of the grossest profanity to give expression to such a thought: it only serves to show of what calibre most Spurgeonites are composed. In this way, the motley assembly cracked their jokes and amused themselves until the beadle was heard unfastening the inside bolts, when an extra pressure was made, and as the doors of the sacred edifice flew open, in rushed the sinners like wild Indians, scrambling, laughing, and chirruping until fairly settled in the pews. I could scarcely realize that we were in a house of worship even after calmly surveying the interior, so much like a theatre is the church constructed; there are pit, gallery, and boxes, of which the pit is most expensive; next the boxes, while certain parts of the gallery are free. No tickets are sold for less than a month, and at from a half-a-crown to five shillings; this, I presume is the only tax to pay expenses, except collections for special purposes. Around the boxes are numerous lights, about one foot apart, with plain globe over, and these answer for pit as well; in the gallery, gas jets are fixed round every other pillar in the form of a star. What the style of architecture is, is more than I can say, not being posted enough in the fine arts, but whether Greek, Roman, or Egyptian, it is perhaps immaterial to the mass of readers now addressed—suffice it to say, Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle is, like himself, of original construction. Its dimensions are as follows: length, 141 ft; width, 81 ft; height, 62 ft. There are sittings for 3600, and standing room for 1000 more—so you can guess what a monstrous edifice it must be. The pews have no doors, and there were no sextons to preserve order—in fact, there is no room for either, every visitor going in for a seat "on his own hook" or responsibility. I happened to get a tolerable sitting in the gallery. On my right hand sat an exceedingly pretty lass, on my left a sojer-feller, while behind me stood—remarkable coincidence!—Mr. James Austin, the eccentric character nicknamed the Fishman, who crossed with me from New York to London in the Plymouth Rock, and about whom all are familiar who have read these off-hand sketches from their commencement. It was kinder queer, wasn't it? Much more so than meeting with the "Haunted One" at Alec Keene's one Sunday night in October last. Having some fifteen minutes to wait, and the damsel on my dexter side being quite sociable, (who ever saw a real handsome girl that wasn't?) we soon got in conversation about the unaccountable mania for "seeing Spurgeon;" I even ventured to assert that the majority attended a theatre or concert room every other night, and acknowledged belonging to that class myself. Instead of manifesting surprise, the young beauty replied that it was only the preceding Friday that she was up all night at a ball, adding that she didn't see the least harm in enjoying one's self rationally, however much the extreme expounders of the Gospel may argue to the contrary; and "thems my sentiments to an allspice!" But our *tete a tete* was spoiled by a sudden uprising of all the gallery folks, and *the* Spurgeon at last "put in an appearance," ascended the pulpit steps, and took a seat on the sofa. The pulpit is not exactly a pulpit either—it is merely a platform, carpeted, with a flight of steps on both sides; true, there is a small desk, with a bottle of water and glass thereon, but nothing more. On Mr. Spurgeon's right sat the elders and choir, (for there is no organ or any instrument whatever in the church,) and the services at once commenced.

The reverend gentleman opened by giving out a hymn, starting the music of a good, old-fashioned tune frequently heard in Rev. Dr. Hatfield's church on the Ninth Avenue. Those few provided with hymn-books joined heart and soul in the anthem, while Mr. Spurgeon gazed about him with a smiling countenance, occasionably adding emphasis to the singing by motions of his hand. Every verse was read by him previous to the musical rendering, to enable those of retentive memory to join in. After the hymn, a chapter from the Bible followed, interspersed with short comments on certain verses. Then a fervent prayer was offered up, so thrilling and natural that it seemed to touch every heart. Another hymn came next, but was very badly sung—in short, too difficult for the miscellaneous congregation. And now all voices are hushed to a painful stillness as Mr. Spurgeon advances to the balustrades of the platform. He told them the singing had not been so good as he anticipated, but still it lifted his soul heavenwards and made him happy. He then gave out a list of weekly prayer-meetings, with directions for those about to receive the Holy Communion. It was not his intention to preach a lengthy sermon; he would say of about half an hour's duration, and chose for his text a verse from the epistle to the Hebrews, (the chapter I didn't hear) viz: "He that becomes a surety must smart for it." He hadn't time to enter minutely into the theme as it deserved, yet made some very clever remarks and some amusing ones. Said he: "If any body wants you to go surety, don't you do it if you have a family to support; it is robbing your children of their sustenance; go security for no man; you had better give it outright and be done with it, for it amounts to the same thing in the end." The distinguished orator related anecdotes of parties going bail for other parties, and losing their whole capital through the criminal becoming *non est*, or taking leg bail when the time arrived for settlement. "You have no business going bail for any body. If I thought enough of a man, and could afford it, I would say: 'Here, friend, is the required amount; take it and welcome, but hereafter keep out of further trouble.'" Mr. Spurgeon then compared our Saviour as the only bondsman on whom we could rely—who suffered and died for our sake, that we might escape the penalties of sin. The subject was an excellent one to bring out Spurgeon's noted powers of moving the vast assembly—now producing a smile, and now a tear—sometimes indulging in a matter-of-fact conversational style, and again using the most powerful and impressive language. His suiting the action to the word—not sawing the air—I never saw equalled, so natural, easy, and graceful, yet at the same time so full of meaning. In his delivery he was perfection itself, with an exceptional broad pronunciation of words with the letter *r* sounding like substituting a *w* in its place—otherwise I liked his sermon very much.

Mr. Spurgeon's faith is supposed to be that of the Baptists, although his principles are adapted to all sects and sectarians. His world-wide popularity is owing to the untrodden, original path he follows, more than to extraordinary learning or accomplishments. Here is an instance of his odd ways: He was once preaching about the easy road to perdition, and the hard one to salvation, and to simplify his ideas he grasped the banister and slid down very easily—that was the road to everlasting misery; he immediately afterwards climbed up the same banisters with considerable difficulty, slipping several times, yet eventually reaching the summit in safety—that was the path to immortality and happiness. Such odd ways are enough to give anybody notoriety, especially ministers of the Gospel; for this reason most people doubt Spurgeon's sincerity altogether, but for my own part I believe him to be a good man beneath the surface, while his eccentricities come so natural that it is part of his existence. He is a good, blunt, plain, outspoken man, and a thousand times better than many of the Sleeks and Maw-worms who make great professions of outward piety, whereas their inner man is full of corruption and wickedness.

England's most celebrated preacher is caricatured in a dozen different styles, sold in the *carte de visite* style at one-and-six. We have Spurgeon walking arm in arm with a gorilla, and these lines underneath: "My friend, there is a great gulf between us," whether supposed to come from the parson or gorilla nobody nows; Spurgeon with a gorilla's body attached to his own head—one paw is raised in air as if exhorting, the other grasps a branch for support; Spurgeon carrying two show-boards of the Surrey Theatre's evening performance, called the Pious Sandwich; Spurgeon with a head twice the size of his body; the gorilla on Spurgeon in 1962—a comical affair representing a gorilla lecturing on a model of Spurgeon's head to a crowd of fellow-gorillas, who are testifying their applause by clapping of hands and such like. There are likewise portraits of Spurgeon preaching, Spurgeon in the drawing room, Spurgeon in the garden with wife and two children, etc., in addition to a score more of lithographs, steel engravings, and prints. You are doubtless as familiar with his picture in New York as we are here, which renders a minute description of the man altogether unnecessary; but I will say, he looks as if he enjoyed his roast beef, and jokes as much as any other man—has a short, thick-set, muscular frame, rather a simple expression, with his front-teeth very conspicuous in conversation, and appears in the pulpit *sans* clerical robes, *sans* writing or notes, and *sans ceremonie*. By an engraving at hand in the *Illustrated Times*, we have a representation of baptism by immersion, as performed in Spurgeon's church. At the foot of the stairs is the font, in the shape of a large bath; in each corner stands an elder, while round about are a dozen fair ladies in long white robes and caps; one has just received the holy ordinance, and another is undergoing immersion at the hands of Mr. S., who is up to his waist in water, supporting the lady by holding his right hand about her neck; the congregation are all assembled to witness this interesting scene, and the whole group are made to appear duly solemn at the sacred ceremony.

There, now, I think ample justice has been done to the reverend gentlemen, and therefore, with your consent, he shall be withdrawn. Exeunt Spurgeon!

"A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR!"

In strolling about Oxford street on the 8th of March, and looking at the different store windows, my attention was attracted by a great crowd opposite Southampton street, congregated around a one-armed man in a trap, or buggy, who was haranguing away at a great rate. Says he:—"Gentlemen, the celebrated Captain Barclay once took a bet of £500 that he could dispose of a hundred sovereigns on London Bridge in one hour, at a penny each, and he lost his bet, for he only sold three, yet they were genuine sovereigns, worth twenty shillings to the pound! He told the people they were the Simon Pure, but they wouldn't believe him. Now, gentlemen, what I'm going to do is neither for a wager, nor is it a humbug. I'm employed by an eccentric character, who made a rapid fortune, to give away a hundred sovereigns, a hundred half-crowns, and a hundred sixpences, at fifty per cent. less than their real value! Here's the hundred sovereigns; I require nineteen shillings for the sovereign, and if it is a counterfeit I'll forfeit forty pounds. Who says nineteen shillings for the sovereign? You don't want it? Well, here's a hundred half-crowns; I require two and three for the half-crown. Thank you, sir. Who wants another at two and three? Nobody. I have something here I'll make you take; here are a hundred sixpences and pennies. Who'll give me sixpence for sixpence and a penny? Thank you, sir. Who else? Here you are, then!" There were about a dozen in rapid succession who got sevenpence for sixpence, but the eccentric individual suddenly stopped, and said he should give no more away just then. "But stay," he continued, opening a large tin box; "here's a ring honestly worth two shillings, and you may have it for twopence!" The ring was bought, and he was selling them off at a rapid pace, when a "bobbie" hove in sight, and the pseudo philanthropist packed up. Another sharper, the same fellow that gave two and three for the half-crown, jumped on the cart, and both drove rapidly away to some quieter spot, where the police were more lax in their duty. I am familiar with many cute tricks among thimble riggers, patent safe men, and "gambuliers," but this knocks spots out of them all. What's your opinion, FRANK? And what will John Clancy say, and Tom Quick, Captain Turner, or the Benician? I rather guess John C. Heenan didn't meet this confidence man when he was in London, did you, John? Well, well; London is a large place, full of much that is thoroughly bad, with hardly enough thoroughly good to balance it. Indeed, London furnishes New York with most of its expert "cross" coves, as is very well known. This chap, very likely, does a rushing business, or he never could afford a horse and wagon, with a driver, to tote him round; his dress, too, was very tasty, a suit of striped brown cassimere, and he sported a monster chronometer and gold fob chain. He appeared somewhat under stimulants; had a red, bloated face, whiskers and moustache, with a couple of his front-teeth out, probably the result of a scrimmage with some clodhopper who attempted to expose him. Verily, in contrast with Brother Spurgeon, he was a horse of another color! E-a-s-y enough!

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

OUR COURSE—PAST AND FUTURE.

IN conformity with our annual custom, we again greet the devotees of the "chequered field."

> "*A little* learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink *deep*—or taste not the Pierian spring—
> There shallow DRAUGHTS intoxicate the brain,
> But drinking *largely*, sobers us again."

To borrow the aid of "labored phraseology" to prove that the Draught Department of the CLIPPER has thus far proved a success, would be but the employing of logic to substantiate what has already assumed the certainty and clearness of an axiom. In numerous instances we have been assured by players who now occupy "front seats" that they owe their advancement alone to the NEW YORK CLIPPER! A uniformly "progressive method" has produced the most gratifying results. A desire *not* to "quench the smoking flax" has caused the occasional appearance of positions, which to the advanced player has appeared, *perhaps*, frivolous; but compositions of moderate pretensions not only "warm into life" the energies of the tyro, but also stimulate the aspirations of their composers, many of whom to-day may justly be classed as "bright particular stars in the galaxy" of American problemists. So much for the past.

Our future will be but the continuation of a system which has produced so rapid and general an advancement of all grades of players. We are already in the possession of a number of games contested by "our volunteers" on the Potomac, which shall appear in due season. The coming volume will not be *behind* its predecessors in the general interest of its articles; in fact we shall strive to cause it to *exceed* its past excellence. With such aid as Drysdale, Drummond, Mercer, Bethell, Clute, Dunlop, Hines, Littlefield, Allen, Lindsay, Patterson, Janvier, Hull, McLane, McGregor, Andrews, Irving, Ratcliffe, Mugridge, and a large array of others of like "calibre and metal," not to mention our numerous correspondents who are rising in "strength of purpose," there can be "no such word as fail."

Since our Captain caused "*Abe*" to "horizontalize *his* emancipated form" upon that "*crimson lounge*," we not only feel, but *know* that the *Government* is "with us," and can therefore extend our "digits" confidently, with the final assurance to all, that the coming volume shall abound with DRAUGHTS of inspiration and delight.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. KNIGHT, New York.—Certainly, we are most happy to "count you in."

EXPRESS.—Letter and enclosure received.

W. B. CODDINGTON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Old Fourteenth appears, and the ending is truly fine.

NEMO, Philadelphia.—See card of W. S. Knight.

YENDIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your analysis of Sturges' 67th shall be commented upon next week.

A. B. S., Brompton, C. W.—Position received, and on file for examination.

A CARD.—TO NEMO.—*Dear Sir:* You wish me to show you the reason why 26 to 23 won't draw. The following will do it:—

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
16..26	to 23	5	to 9(a)	22..14	to 5	23	to 26
17..30	25(1)	2	7	23..18	14	26	30
18..25	21	3	8	24..14	9	30	25
19..23	19	8	11	25..22	18	25	22
20..19	15	10	19	26..18	14	22	17
21..17	14	19	23		And wins.		

(1)

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
17..30	26	2	7	20..16	7	3	10
18..18	15	10	19		And wins.		

Two very good reasons. What think you, Mr. Nemo?

(a) This move does it. W. S. KNIGHT.

CARD.—Brooklyn, March 31st, 1862:—*Dear Sir:* I send you a game precisely as it occurred in actual play, believing that its remarkable finish cannot fail to interest all Draught players.

W. B. CODDINGTON.

GAME No. 1—VOL. X.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Black. Mr. C.		White. Mr. F.		Black. Mr. C.		White. Mr. F.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	17.. 5	to 9	26	to 22
2.. 8	11	22	17	18..18	25	29	22
3.. 4	8	17	13	19..19	23(a)	27	18
4..15	18	24	20	20..14	23	24	19
5..11	15	28	24	21..15	24	28	19
6.. 8	11	26	23	22..11	15	19	16(b)
7.. 9	14	31	26	23..23	26	16	12
8.. 6	9	13	6	24..26	30	12	8
9.. 2	9	26	22	25..30	26(c)	3	8
10.. 1	6	32	28	26..26	23	20	16
11.. 3	8	30	26	27..23	19	16	12
12.. 9	13	19	16	28..19	16	12	8(d)
13..12	19	23	16	29..16	11	8	4
14 :13	17	22	13	30..15	18(e)	22	8
15.. 8	12	25	22	31.. 9	14	"Nuf ced."	
16..12	19	22	17				

Notes by W. B. C.

(a) Departure from the "beaten track"—probably as good as book move, 14 to 18.

(b) Little choice between this and 20 to 16, either good for a draw only.

(c) Critical position. Must tread tenderly.

(d) Loses. Might have drawn by 8 to 8; quite natural, however, to keep pushing the man to "crown."

(e) A kind of "stone fleet" affair! White didn't see it in time.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 51—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND.

Will be given next week.

SOLUTION OF POSITION,

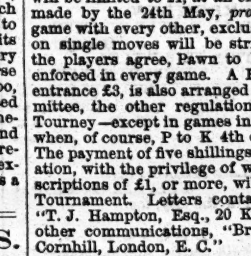
BY EXPRESS,

Reserved till further notice.

POSITION No. 1—Vol. X.

BY I. D. J. S.

BLACK.

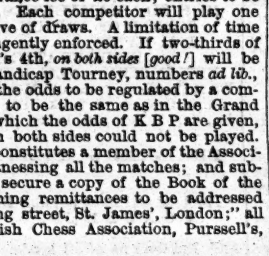


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 69th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
16..15	19	26	22
17..19	22	22	25
18..23	27		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
19.. 5	9	11	8
20.. 9	14	8	4

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
5..16	23	27	18

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CAFE DE LA REGENCE.—A very brilliant tourney has been held at this temple of Caissa, the metropolis of French chess, under the especial auspices of Prince Galitzin, who gave two prizes to be contended for. The first and second honors, respectively, were borne off by MM. Preti and Lequesne. A monster tournament, numerically the greatest the world ever saw, is about to be organized here. Herr Schulten and Signor Discart have recently become *habitues* of the *cafe*. Herr Kolisch, probably, played *twenty* games simultaneously, not "blindfold," at this resort, on the 6th inst.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS.—The subscriptions at last advices had actively commenced, and over £200 had already been entered. We learn that the attendance of Herren Harrwitz, Kolisch, and Anderssen is already secure, and that of Von der Lassa almost certain. If to these Herr Max Lange could be added, German Chess would indeed promise to be placed in the very van of the ascendant. Paulsen will most gallantly contest their supremacy, but who but Morphy can sit an assured King over such subjects? Who else wield unquestioned the sceptre of chess when a world contends? The number of players in the Grand Tournament will be limited to 24, at an entrance fee of £5 each; entries to be made by the 24th May, *prox.* Each competitor will play one game with every other, exclusive of draws. A limitation of time on single moves will be stringently enforced. If two-thirds of the players agree, Pawn to K's 4th, *on both sides [good!]* will be enforced in every game. A Handicap Tourney, numbers *ad lib.*, entrance £3, is also arranged; the odds to be regulated by a committee, the other regulations to be the same as in the Grand Tourney—except in games in which the odds of K B P are given, when, of course, P to K 4th on both sides could not be played. The payment of five shillings constitutes a member of the Association, with the privilege of witnessing all the matches; and subscriptions of £1, or more, will secure a copy of the Book of the Tournament. Letters containing remittances to be addressed "T. J. Hampton, Esq., 20 King street, St. James', London;" all other communications, "British Chess Association, Pursell's, Cornhill, London, E. C."

CHESS IN DENVER CITY.—On the 20th March, the chess club of Denver City met at their rooms, and during the evening some very interesting games were played between Messrs. Cobb and Hall, and Messrs Hall and Totten. A tournament is on the tapis, and it is suggested that the admirers of Caissa thereaway should put the affair through, should step forward, plank the dust, and sign the Constitution, thereby giving their influence to promote the game in Denver.

ENIGMA No. 324.

"Extremos prudeat reduisse."

Fourth Prize Problem.—BY WM. MITCHESON, ESQ.

at Q Kt 4, K B 3, Q 7, K B 8, Q B 6, Q 4, Q B 2d.

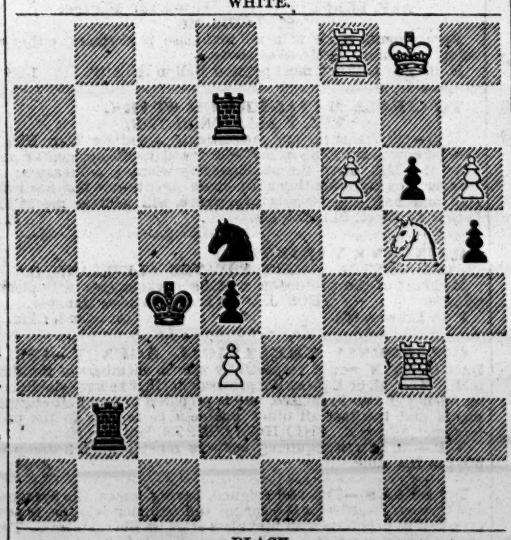
at Q 4, K R 4, K R 5, K B 3, K 5, Q Kt 4, Q 3, K B 2, and Black P's at K's 4th and 6th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 324.

BY EDWIN J. WELLER.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 324.

The following well-contested *partie* was Board No. 2, of Leonard's "blindfold" match of *six* simultaneous games at the Brooklyn Chess Club, Nov. 30 '61.

KING'S KT'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Caldwell.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Caldwell.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..B to Kt 5 dis +	K Kt to B 3
2..P - K B 4	K P×P	13..Q Kt-Q 2	K R-K sq
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	14..Kt-K B 3	K-his Kt sq
4..K B-B 4	K B-Kt 2	15..P-K 5	P-Q Kt 3
5..Castles	P-Q 3	16..K P×Kt	Q Kt×P
6..P-Q 4	Q B-K 3	17..Q R-K sq	Q-her 2
7..K B×B	B P×B	18..Kt-K R 4	Q Kt-Q 4
8..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-Q 2	19..Kt-K B 5	P-Q R 4
9..Q-her Kt 3	K-his B 2	20..Q Kt×B	Q×Q Kt
10..Kt×Kt P +	Q×K Kt	21..Q B-Q 2	K-his R sq
11..2 B×P	Q-home	22..Q-home, and the *partie* was agreed a draw.—Time, 4 hours.	

Played some time since between J. A. Leonard, *giving the Queen*, and Mr. Jackson.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Leonard.	Jackson.	Leonard.	Jackson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..K B to Q 3	Q B×P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15..P K 5	P-Q 4
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	16..P-K 6	P-K B 3
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	17..P-K B 4	K B-Kt 5
5..P-Q 3	K Kt-his 5	18..Kt-K B 3	K B×R
6..P-Q 4	K P×P	19..K B-Kt 6	K-his 2
7..P-K R 3	Q 2d P×P	20..Q B-R 3 +	K×K P
8..R P×Kt	B 2d P×P	21..Kt-Q 4 +	K-Q 2
9..Q B×P	P-Q 3	22..K B-his 5 +	K-home
10..Q Kt-Q 2	Q B×P	23..K R×B +	K-his B 2
11..Castles, Q R	Q Kt-Q 5	24..K B-K 6 +	K-Kt 3 (a)
12..Q R-K sq	Q Kt×Kt	25..R-Kt sq +	K-R 3, and the Attack mates in five moves (b).
13..Kt P×Kt	Q B-K 3		

(a) This loses; he should have consented to a draw by 24..K home.

(b) Had he played K to R 4th, mate would have followed in two moves.

A very brilliant *partie* between Herren Max and Ludwig Lange.

EVANS GAMBIT.

M. Lange.	L. Lange.	M. Lange.	L. Lange
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..P to Q 6	B P×P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q B-R 3	Q Kt-B 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	13..Q×Q P	Q Kt-K 2
4..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	14..K Kt-his 5	K B-B sq
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	15..Q Kt-B 3	K B×Kt
6..P-Q 4	K P×P	16..Q R-K sq	K B×R
7..Castles	K Kt-B 3	17..K R×B	K Kt-home
8..B P×P	K Kt×P	18..K B-Kt 5	P-K R 3
9..P-Q 5	Q Kt-home	19..K Kt-K 4	P-Q R 3, and
10..Q-her 4	K Kt-B 3	the Attack announced mate in five moves. An exceedingly ingenious termination, which we leave our students to work out (mentally, not fingering the men about—mind) and profit by.	

"CALL A MAN!"

JOHN JACKSON was a hard working man of twenty-three. Being the oldest child and only son, he had always remained at home, assisting his father upon the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright eyed girl had secretly thought that she would like to be Mrs. Jackson. But John was no "ladies' man." The fact was, he was bashful. He would rather hoe potatoes all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures; far from it. We believe that he, in common with all bashful and well meaning men, entertained the very highest respect and admiration for them. And this, no doubt, was the principal cause of his bashfulness. He felt they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moralize.

Nancy Clark was the daughter of a very respectable farmer, whose land adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, saucy little witch, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and when he was a few years her senior, he was usually her champion in the childish disputes that arose, and her companion in coming and going. At last, John became so much of a young man as to be kept from school, as she had been in past years. John discovered, too, he was growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; he did not know what to do with his hands; his face pained him, and taking all in all, he was inclined to think he was not more than half put together.

As novelists say, it was a lovely day in August. The sun was clear, serene and beautiful, and the beautiful birds twittered their songs of love in the branches. Earth—(there, we've slid down to earth once more; such lofty flights—they make our head dizzy). We were prepared to say that earth yielded a bountiful harvest of grass and clover, and honeysuckles, which the noble yoemanry of Chesterville had garnered within their storehouses—but upon a second thought have concluded it thus:—The farmers of Chesterville had done harvesting.

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. His father had gone to Keish's Mills, to get some wheat ground, and left John to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow, to commence mowing the meadow grass. Suddenly it occurred to John that if he remained about the house that afternoon, he would be called in at tea-time and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this, he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, so as to avoid, if possible, seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and mowed, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occurred to John that if he took off his pants, he might be much more comfortable. There could be no impropriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person.

So John stripped off, and with no cover save his linen—commonly called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself upon the good time he had made from meeting the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister, with a white ring around its neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self-preservation" was the first passage that flashed across his mind, and "legs take care of the body" was the next. Dropping his scythe and spinning around like a top, he was ready to strike a two-forty gait, when at that moment the snake was near enough to hook his crooked teeth into John's shirt just above the hem. With a tremendous spring he started off with the speed of a locomotive. His first jump took the snake clear from the ground and as he stole a hasty glance over his shoulder he was horrified to see the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the rapidity with which he rushed forward, kept the serpent at an angle of ninety degrees with his body.

Here was a quandary. If he stopped, the snake would coil about his body, and squeeze him to death; if he continued the race, he must fall from sheer exhaustion. On he flew, scarcely daring to think how this dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction of home; a feeling of security came over him. Suddenly flashed across his mind the true state of affairs—his father gone—the quilting, and worse than all, the girls! The next moment he felt the body of the cold, clammy monster in contact with his bare legs, his tail creeping around them in a sort of cozening way, as by way of tickling John upon the knees.

This was too much for human endurance. With a yell, such as man never uttered, save in mortal terror, poor John set forward at break-neck speed and once more had the pleasure of seeing the snake resume his horizontal position, somewhat after the tail of a comet.

On, on they flew! John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, and forgot everything but the snake.

His active exercise, (he paid particular attention to his running,) together with the excessive heat, had brought on the nose-bleed, and as he ran, ears erect, and head thrown back, his chin, throat, and shirt-bosom were stained with the flowing stream.

His first shriek had started the quilters, and forth they rushed, wondering if some Indian was not prowling about. By this time, John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turned so that he might keep one eye on the snake and with the other observe what course he must take. The friendly barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls. He knew the girls were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds, and he would be in their midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and he halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to enfold the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by circumstances over which he had no control, poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the barn the snake came round with a whiz, somewhat after the fashion of a coach whip.

Having reached the barn-yard, to his dismay he found the bars up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering all his strength, he bounded into the air, snake ditto; and as he alighted on the other side, his snakeship's tail cracked across the upper bar, snapping like an India cracker.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the girls, for the extra tickle from the snake's tail as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the centre of attraction and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution as he turned the corner, his snakeship came round with a whiz that was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out—

"Call a man!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight and as quickly thought reappeared at the other end of the house—

"Call a man!"

Away he whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the whiz of the snake sounded half-way between a low whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double-o.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks he had performed another revolution—

"Call a man!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop-pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as soon as John reappeared, brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and his hold upon John's nether garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house, and to his room, and at tea-time appeared in his best Sunday suit, but little the worse for the race, and to all appearance entirely cured of his bashfulness. That night he walked home with Nancy Clark. The next New Year they were married; and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops, or any other peculiarity, she has only to remark, "Call a man," and he instantly sobers down.

AQUATICS IN AUSTRALIA.—A sculling match for £100 a side, between Tom McGrath (ex-champion of Australia) and George Nickells, late of Horsleydown, came off early in February, at Sydney. The distance was five miles, a straight course, from Saltwater River to the Williamstown Pier. McGrath obtained the "jump," but, after a hundred yards had been pulled, Nickells obtained the lead, which he held for a mile or two, when McGrath's superior strength and greater lasting powers placed him ahead, which position he maintained to the end of the race, winning by some eight or ten boats' lengths. Time, against a strong wind and rough water, forty one minutes. Tom M'Grath has rowed about fifty matches, with great success, and for some time was the recognised champion sculler of Australia, and at last was designated "the Veteran." George Nickells, an importation from Old England, hailing from Rotherhithe, is twenty-five years of age, and was one of the champion crew that rowed at Hobart Town Regatta.

PLEASURE VESSELS.—The new tax bill imposes a tax of five dollars on all pleasure or racing vessels of less than $1000 in value; and for those not exceeding $1000 in value, ten dollars, and for every thousand dollars additional, ten dollars.

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☞ We have letters for Monsieur Alexandre Zanfretta (Paris letter), G. W. Lewis, Harry Ball, Miss Ernestine de Faiber, Alfred Nelson, Susan Denin, T. M. Tyrrell, Rollin Howard, Add Weaver, Geo. S. Cole (California letter), J. H. Rogers, and H. W. Ruggles.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, April 14, '62.

The week was made up of sunshine, snow storms (think of that, in April), rain, blustering winds, and moonlight. It was, truly, "all sorts of a week," and taken in connection with Lent, was not at all favorable for theatrical speculations. The excitement created by the news of the terrible battle at Pittsburgh Landing—in which the rebels had us whipped on the first day, but were compelled to beat a retreat on the second—coupled with the painful anxiety manifested in regard to our army before Yorktown, and the Monitor and Merrimac in Hampton Roads, tended to operate against all places of amusement in the early part of the week, and as Mary Provost said the other night, while playing Nell Gwynne at her theatre in Broadway, everything seemed "as cold as a New York audience in Lent." We are now in Passion Week, which closes the term of fasting and abstinence, and with the incoming of next week we may reasonably look for brighter prospects and warmer audiences.

It will be seen by looking over this department of the CLIPPER that we have made a few changes in the classification of our news items, in order that the reader may cull out, with more ease, those which interest him or her the most. Thus, we have dramatic items under an appropriate heading; circuses under another; music halls under another, and so on. Our record of amusements has become so extensive that we feel it necessary to adopt this plan for the benefit of our readers, who may now seek under the different appropriate headings whatever, or whomsoever, they may in search of, instead of having to run over five or six columns of matter to get at what they are after. We trust this change may meet the approval of our friends.

One of the Sunday papers takes exception to our exposures of those Northern actors, actresses, minstrels, and others who, while in the South, gave "aid and comfort" to the enemies of our country, and in the North take the "back track," and attempt to make us believe that what they did was "all a joke," all fun, done for "pecuniary interests," as "an advertising dodge," etc., etc. Knowing that few people see our Sabbath contemporary, we give an extract from an article we find in that paper of last Sunday. Says our "meek and lowly" neighbor:—"The war on the poor devils of actors who have been trying to get their bread and *beer* by doing exactly what their audiences demanded of them down South, in the West, and elsewhere, exactly as they do or would do here, is continued by the *faultless Young God Almighty*, who does the dramatics for the CLIPPER. He has been replied to pretty extensively this week, however, and his falibility proven in not a few ways. Miss Maggie Mitchell, who is in town, has pretty well refuted some of the lies told about her, and taken the ground in regard to other charges upon which we have always stood in regard to the matter, and which is also taken by George Christy's party who were, as well, assailed in the same columns, and who answered the attack in a letter which was refused a place in the journal that decriminated the poison."

That's rather "rough talk," coming from one who is supposed to be in "good standing in the church;" and did we not suppose that its "all fun," "all a joke," an "advertising dodge," having an eye to the "pecuniaries," etc., we should get our "mad up," and perhaps call our pious friend a "God-forsaken devil;" but we shall do nothing of the kind. No, we shall call him no harsh names, nor even expose him to mortification by giving the name of his paper. We pity, and forgive him. The letter which our neighbor says we refused to publish as an answer to our charges against George Christy's Minstrels, was refused because it did *not* contradict what we stated. Here is an extract from it, by which it will be seen that all we said is borne out by this very letter. Here is the extract:—"We did play at Secession Hall—we had no power to change the name—Mr. Perry, the most rabid abolitionist I ever saw, did compose the Polka which was dedicated to the Palmetto Men of South Carolina, as an advertising dodge, and nothing else. We did sing at the request of the landlord of the Mills House before 2,000 secessionists, but we did not wear their badges, cheer nor otherwise ventilate our sympathies for the South."

That will do, Mr. Tryon, of the Christy's. You may try on your advertising dodge in the South, but you will find that the people in the North will dodge you. We gave Maggie Mitchell the benefit of our columns, because she *did* contradict what had been urged against her. We may yet hear further upon that subject, and the "faultless young God Almighty" will "decimate" the truth, whether it is in support of Miss Mitchell, or against her, or in favor or against any of those who have been charged with secession proclivities. We are independent in all such matters, and extend vastly more favors, than we receive at the hands of the profession. The Sunday paper above alluded to endeavored, last week, under the guise of "friendship," to revive those unpleasant recollections with which the name of Mr. A. H. Davenport is associated, and thus to injure him in his benefit, then to take place; we saw the drift, however, and let the thing pass unnoticed, because we believe Mr. Davenport has "made his peace" with his New York friends, and sincerely repented of the error which led him to take part in the formation of the "Cocktail Guards." We were among the first to condemn him, but as he has since proved himself to be at present a Union man, it gives us much more pleasure to support him; but let him, and all others, similarly situated, beware of those toadies who "pat them on the back," just so long as they have a dollar to bestow. Out upon all such "God-forsaken creatures." A great deal is said about the necessity that prompted Northerners in the South to assist in the propagation of secession principles; that they were in a tight place, and had to get out of it in some way. What would be thought and said of the gallant Col. Corcoran and his compatriots in arms, now prisoners of war in the South, were *they* to take part in secession demonstrations, for the sake of gaining their liberty? What if *they* should proclaim themselves secession men, and thereby have their liberty restored to them. Would *they* be considered "smart?" And yet there was less danger when our show people espoused the secession cause than there is now. No! Were Col. Corcoran and his companions to be guilty of such degrading conduct, he and they would forfeit the respect and esteem of *all* men, both North and South. There they are, prisoners among their enemies, subjected to all sorts of indignities, at the hands of a rebel rabble. Do *they* flinch? Do *they* crouch the knee? Do *they* renounce their loyal principles, and aid in the formation of rebel volunteer companies, or assist at secession demonstrations, or do anything unbecoming a true patriot, to gain the favors of their keepers, and their own liberties as well? No! They would sacrifice their lives before proving traitors to that government which has proved an asylum of rest for the oppressed of all principalities and powers. It will not do to revive these things, and if we hear much more from those journals whose "pecuniary interest" it is to support our double-dealing Northern doughfaces, we may give some evidence that will prove "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ." Hold your horses, then, you "God-forsaken devils."

Let us now talk of something more pleasant. You remember Miss Maria Schiller, don't you? the young actress that was so favorably received at the German Theatre, in the Bowery, a season or two ago. Well, she has just presented her husband, J. G. Methua, Esq., with a champion of the Union, a fine boy, whose phrenological developments denote combativeness and destructiveness to their full extent, and which, in after years, may be devoted to the service of his country. Hurrah! for the little Dutch-American.

Mary Provost made her first appearance at the theatre bearing her own name, on the 7th inst., and was well received by her large number of friends. We have twice been to see her; once when she appeared as Nell Gwynne, and once as Francine, in "Grist to the Mill." She was good in both, but in the former she excelled; and we were much pleased, not only with her performances, but also with the *personnel* of the fair Mary herself. She is certainly one of the prettiest actresses now on the stage, and, as she has considerable originality about her, and possesses other advantages which go to make up the elements of popularity, she may, in time, be more successful than she was during the past week. She gives evidence of having played to provincial audiences more than to metropolitan, and this somewhat marred her in the eyes of the Broadway theatrical *habitues*. She is tall, has a handsome face, and a profusion of beautiful hair, which she fixes up in the most tantalizing manner; she is full of life, and "laughs to kill." Resident with us awhile, she should improve in her style of acting, and become a general favorite. She would become a valuable acquisition to any company, but to "go it alone," under present circumstances, she will not succeed. The business throughout the week was very bad, we are sorry to say, and, although the lady was announced to appear this evening as Camille, she made her last appearance on the 12th, in consequence, it is said, of "indisposition;" but in reality, owing, no doubt, to slim and "cold audiences." The stock company, with few exceptions, was lacking in attractive elements, and the performers were as cold as their audiences. To-night, Mr. Boothrod Fairclough, tragedian, opens the theatre for "one time only," appearing as Sir Giles Overreach.

There are several rumors afloat in regard to the future of Mary Provost's Theatre, one of which is, that Mr. G. L. Fox, late of the New Bowery, is to be associated in the management, and that it will shortly be opened with a company selected by him. It was also given out during the week that Mr. Fox was about to open the old Bowery; but as the agreement of dissolution of partnership between Messrs. Fox & Lingard specifies that Mr. Fox shall neither manage nor perform east of Broadway, the idea of his opening the old theatre could not, for a moment, be entertained. It is not likely, however, that such an actor as Mr. Fox will long remain idle, and we presume that in a short time we shall see his name on "the Broadway." Since the above was written, we have been informed that a new stage is being put down at the old Bowery, and that some of Mary Provost's "people" are having an eye on certain alterations and improvements going on at the old house. Report also connects the name of an actress with the management, and says that she will open the old theatre at an early day. These rumors may be true, or they may not. We have endeavored to get at the real facts, but experience much difficulty in the task. With Fox at Mary Provost's Theatre, and some one else at the old Bowery, what's up between them, and what is the object in securing these "strategic points," as they say in the army? Is there any combination here, and is Lingard and the New Bowery to have a masked battery opened upon them? We shall see. Pending the solution of all these rumors, we "return to our muttons," as John Frenchman would say. We have since learned that G. L. Fox opens Mary Provost's Theatre on the 21st.

The surviving officers and crews of the "ill-fated" frigates Cumberland and Congress, had possession of the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, 10th inst., and such a crowd as greeted them has not been seen inside of that place for many a long day. Every seat was filled long before the proceedings commenced, and standing room was at premium. The occasion that drew together this vast assemblage was a benefit in aid of the families of those who had perished in the destruction of the vessels above named. As it will be a remarkable event in the history of the war now raging between the two sections of our glorious Union, we give an account of the proceedings. The curtain was drawn up, and on the stage a number of chairs were arranged in a semi-circle. In front of the chairs was a table at which the chairman, Mr. Peletiah Perit, was seated. At 8 o'clock the orchestra performed a national air, at the conclusion of which the expected guests, about two hundred sailors and marines, marched on the stage. Their appearance was the signal for unbounded enthusiasm. Men cheered and applauded, the ladies rose, and waved their handkerchiefs, and for nearly five minutes the most deafening hurrahs resounded throughout the house. The officers of both vessels entered first, then came the crew of the Cumberland, followed by the crew of the Congress, and the marines formed a rear guard. While the men were taking their seats, a large flag was raised and suspended over their heads. When silence had been restored, Mr. Perit welcomed the men, and in a few appropriate remarks presented them to the audience. The Boatswain then sounded his call, which was echoed from below the stage as if on shipboard, and a very impressive prayer was addressed to the Throne of Grace by Chancellor Ferris, after which Rev. Dr. Hitchcock delivered an address relative to the war and its causes. He passed an eloquent eulogium on General Anderson, whose efforts he claimed had not been sufficiently appreciated by the government. He remarked that there was also a mighty big Foote in the Navy, sufficient to cover all rebeldom. (Laughter and cheers.) Foote had held a conference meeting at Island No. 10, but the rebels had departed before the benediction, and with such haste that Foote had to send boats after them to bring them back. Miss Maria Brainerd, attired in tri-colored dress, then sang "Vive l'America," which was well received and encored. Mr. Perit read the following note from General Scott:—"I would be most happy to meet with you and join in felicitating our noble tars, officers and men of the frigates Cumberland and Congress, but for my lameness and the fear that the excitement would be still more hurtful to me. Respectfully yours, WINFIELD SCOTT.

A similar letter from Gen. Anderson regretted his inability to be present; and a letter from Capt. Radford paid a high compliment to Lieut. Morris, who was in command of the Cumberland when she went down. The characteristic exercises of the evening then commenced. George Marlow, a sailor of the Cumberland, gave a description of the attack by the Merrimac, in an exceedingly graphic manner. There were no new facts in his narrative, but the way in which he told it, and the energy he displayed in the recital, drew down thunders of applause. One of the Cumberland's crew sang the "Red, White, and Blue," the crew joining in the chorus. The song was received with vociferous applause. Three cheers were given for the "Red, White, and Blue," and between parts first and second of the performance, the band played a selection from Robert le Diable. Wm. Evarts next made a patriotic address, and read an extract from a Southern paper, which paid a high tribute to the heroism of the Cumberland's crew. ("Three cheers for 'em.") Mr. S. C. Campbell, of Bryants' Minstrels, sang the "White Squall," after which a sailor from the Congress, named Willard, was introduced, and gave his version as follows:—"We had no chance at all. We were on the spar deck, most of us; the other steamers firing at us, and we dodging the shot; no chance to dodge down below, because you couldn't see the shot till they were inside the ship. We had no chance, and we surrendered. The rebel officers—we knowed 'em all—all old playmates, shipmates—came home in the Germantown with them; all old playmates, but rascals now. She left us and she went towards Norfolk to get out of the way. She returned in the morning to have what I'd call a fandango with the Minnesota, and the first thing she knowed, the little bumble bee, the Monitor, was there, and she went back. I have no more to say, people, but there is the flag that the fathers of our country left us, and by the powers of God above us, we'll———" (Tremendous cheering.) Walter M. Pierce, of the Congress, sang "The Boatswain's Call," and Hon. George Bancroft followed with an appropriate address. Mr. Kearney, of the Congress, then sang a humorous song in honor of the yacht America, with a chorus for the crew, which threw the audience into a jolly state of enthusiasm. The rollicking tar was recalled, and sang the first verse of "Unce Sam isl Rich Enough to Give us All a Farm." He was warmly applauded. Wm. E. Dodge made the concluding address, after which the Chairman announced that the Committee, whose names had already been published, would be glad to receive contributions for the benefit of the sailors, and for the widows and orphans of those who had been killed or drowned during the action. Resolutions were offered by Capt. Marshall, calling on Congress to present medals to the surviving officers and men of the Congress and Cumberland, in honor of the struggle in which they had borne so conspicuous a part, and passed, and the meeting adjourned in a high state of delight, having participated in one of the most original and successful entertainments ever given in New York. So it will be seen that the Academy of Music has been put to some good use, after all. It was truly a novel entertainment, and quite a large sum was realised for the worthy object in view.

Some very fine performances were given at Niblo's Garden last week, among which was the "Rivals" on the 7th, introducing Mr. T. Placide as Bob Acres, and Mr. John Gilbert as Sir Anthony Absolute. Both gentlemen received a most hearty welcome. The same comedy was produced at Wallack's, during the week, and as matter for future reference we give the cast of each theatre, as follows:—

NIBLO'S GARDEN.	
Sir Anthony Absolute	Gilbert.
Captain Absolute	W. Wheatley.
Bob Acres	T. Placide.
Faulkland	J. W. Wallack, Jr.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	E. L. Davenport.
David	W. Scallan.
Julia	Miss Emma Taylor.
Lydia Languish	Mr. Gladstane.
Mrs. Malaprop	Miss M. Wells.
Lucy	Mrs. Skerrett.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.	
Captain Absolute	L. Wallack.
Sir Anthony Absolute	Blake.
Acres	Charles Fisher.
Faulkland	Norton.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Floyd.
David	Geo. Holland.
Julia	Mrs. Hoey.
Lydia Languish	Miss M. Gannon
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. Vernon.
Lucy	Miss Crockett.

In what other city can you see two casts to equal these? We shall not undertake to say which gave the most satisfaction, for the piece was rendered "excellent well" at both theatres, and such "rivalry" cannot be productive of anything but good. At Niblo's, as an additional attraction, the drama of Black Eyed Susan was given with the Rivals, Mr. E. L. Davenport appearing as William, and Mrs. Skerrett as Susan. By the way, this lady looks

as pretty and charming as ever, while her voice has lost none of its power to please. Mrs. Skerrett is a most useful actress, whether in genteel comedy, drama, or burlesque, and we feel much pleasure in extending this tribute to her abilities. The combination closed their "histrionic" performances at Niblo's on the 11th, and gave a performance in Brooklyn on the 12th, on which night Niblo's Garden was not opened to the public, the evening being set apart for a rehearsal of the operatic spectacle of the Enchantress, which is to be brought out in magnificent style this evening, April 14th, with Miss Caroline Richings, the accomplished actress and vocalist, in the leading *role*, assisted by Messrs. E. L. Davenport, W. Wheatley, and Peter Richings. From the expense incurred, and pains taken, to make the Enchantress worthy of the patronage of a metropolitan audience, we expect to witness one of the most gorgeous spectacles ever presented upon the public stage. To give increased interest to the performance, Annetti Galetti, the great danseuse, has been engaged, together with M'lle. Helene and Katrine, and an efficient *corps de ballet*. New scenery has been painted expressly for this spectacle, and nothing is left undone to ensure its success. The opening is fixed for this evening, April 14th.

Laura Keene hangs on to the Macarthy, in the face of the most "adverse circumstances." Laura has been so accustomed to "long runs" that she seems to imagine it is only necessary to bring out one or two pieces during a season. "Our American Cousin" carried a season through; so did the "Seven Sisters;" but there it ended. The Macarthy drew well for a few weeks, but now the attendance has sadly fallen off, and there is nothing in reserve to back up the "Peep O' Day Boys," and that piece can no longer be relied on to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Laura should have had novelties in preparation ready to take the place of The Macarthy when it began to decay, and show signs of "going to the bad." But it appears that nothing fresh is ready, and the *habitues* seek elsewhere for that which cannot be found at the establishment of Miss Keene.

Ah! but you just ought to see Dan Bryant and his band of colored "Old Folks." Oh! it's one of the oddest performances ever brought forward by our "Corkonian" friends. To see how they rise, to see how they "set," to hear their singing, and their quaint and queer sayings, cannot fail to amuse even Old Jake Zimmer, and *he* was never known to laugh at anything. Go see the Old Folks.

We don't see that opposition to our concert saloons and music halls has a very injurious effect upon those places if we may judge from what we saw in a stroll among them on Saturday evening last. The Canterbury was a complete jam, in every part, and many persons who sought admittance were unable to get in with any show of comfort. So it was at 444 Broadway—the hall was "chock full," and as fast as one person left, another was ready to take his place. Just so was it at the Melodeon, every spot from whence a view of the stage could be had, being occupied. The minor establishments were also doing well, and everything was progressing with order and regularity. The attempts to close those places, and thus throw hundreds of deserving people out of employment, seem to have no other effect than to call public attention to them, and thus increase their business. We have enough people out of employment already, without shutting up our cheap places of public amusement, and thereby adding hundreds more to the unfortunate number.

Van Amburgh's Great Exhibition continues to do an immense business, the attendance being very large, both afternoon and evening. Menageries and such like exhibitions, when well conducted, are always pleasing and instructive, to old and young, and seldom want for patronage. The excellent manner in which Van Amburgh's exhibition is placed before the people meets its reward in the crowds that flock to the mammoth pavillion. The concern will close on the 19th, and then, perhaps, start on its traveling campaign. It can scarce fail to meet with public favor wherever it may go.

This evening, Mr. Eddy commences an engagement at the New Bowery, opening in an entirely new and original drama, written by T. De Walden, and entitled "The Man of Destiny." Kate Denin appears in the same piece. Mr. Bradshaw's benefit, on the 9th, was well attended, but Mr. Petrie's, on the 11th, was not as successful.

The capacity of the auditorium at the Winter Garden was well tried on the 11th inst., on the occasion of the benefit of Mr. A. H. Davenport. The audience was immense, and what is a rarity now-a-days, we noticed quite a number of ladies who, unable to find seats, "stood" out the performance. The entertainment was of a varied character, and quite a number of volunteers assisted. In fact, all who volunteered their services, actually appeared and performed. Something strange, wasn't it? The performances commenced with the "Wandering Minstrel," with Mr. Davidge as Jem Bags. Miss Wilks also appeared, and sang, very prettily, a favorite ballad, and received the compliment of an *encore*. Then followed the Hanlon Brothers, Thomas, William, and George, who, being unable to complete their arrangements to leave in that day's steamer for California, very kindly gave their services on this occasion. Their entertainment was the great feature of the evening, and while exerting themselves to benefit a brother artist, they made many new friends for themselves. Their acrobatic feats were performed with all the grace and ease for which they are so noted, and as feat succeeded feat, each in its turn seemingly more difficult than that which preceded it, the applause which followed made the theatre shake again. They were attired in elegant costumes, and altogether presented a splendid appearance. Their names, no doubt, contributed greatly towards bringing together such a vast audience. The farce of the "Young Widow" was next on the bill, and in this Mr. Davenport made his appearance, his entrance being the signal for such an outburst of congratulation as no doubt awakened many pleasant reminiscences of the past. Miss Fanny Herring also appeared in this piece, and was well received. She looked, as usual, neat, for Miss Herring always dresses with much taste and judgment. On the conclusion of the farce, Mr. Davenport, being called for, stepped in front of the curtain, and showed, by his manner, that he duly appreciated the compliment. He returned his thanks for the truly liberal support accorded him, and said that the presence of such a large audience at his benefit was doubly gratifying to him, in consequence of the peculiar position in which he had been placed by his follies in connection with an organization in New Orleans. He was not aware, however, that he had committed any great wrong in that affair, although it were much better had it been left undone. He trusted that no action of his should ever again give any one the opportunity even to suspect his loyalty to the Union. He reiterated his thanks to the audience, and spoke of the obligations he owed to those performers who had so cheerfully tendered their services in his behalf. He made a nice little speech, the objectionable part being that which referred to the secession affair. That was past; he had been forgiven, and the revival of the subject was in bad taste, in so far as all present were friendly to him, and had no thoughts of the "follies of the past." Eph Horn then appeared, and gave his celebrated lecture on "Woman's Rights." Ephraim was encored; couldn't see it; was brought out again, and had to make a speech, in which he insisted that he was not then prepared to turn a somerset, or perform any similar feats; neither could he sing a song; his voice was not a tenor; it was base, very base, indeed. And then the advocate of Woman's Rights subsided, and probably dropped in at Schwartz's, to see if men had no rights there. A burlesque on the Colleen Bawn concluded the programme, but the hour was growing late, and justice could not be done the piece. The principal characters were sustained by Mr. G. L. Fox and Miss Fanny Herring, the former as the Colleen Bawn, and the latter as Miles Na Coppaleen. It is rather too long for a wind-up, and the patience of the audience being pretty well taxed, many left while the piece was going on, thereby creating much noise and confusion, and causing the performers to "hurry up." There are some very clever jokes and play upon words in the burlesque, as well as some very bad ones, many of which were entirely lost upon the audience. Altogether, the benefit was a great success.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Vandenhoff are announced to give readings at Dodworth's Hall, this evening, 14th.

Somebody advertises for a "party with $2000 to go into a theatrical speculation." Here's a nice chance for a sound, permanent investment.

Bourcicault's "Love and Money" opens the week's business at Wallack's, the first time it has been played there.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams perform at Winter Garden on the 15th, on the occasion of N. B. Clarke's benefit.

In consequence of a severe illness, Mr. Collins, Irish comedian, was unable to appear in Brooklyn last week as announced, and those who purchased tickets for the several entertainments, had their money refunded, notice to that effect having been given through the daily papers. Engagements previously entered into, will now prevent Mr. Collins from performing in Brooklyn. He will appear in Washington, on the 21st.

Miss Ada Clifton, who has been for some time in Havana, returned to this city last week.

Benefits will fill up the week, after this evening, at the Winter Garden, and on the 21st Miss Bateman will commence her performances.

Mr. A. H. Davenport joins the forces at Niblo's Garden next week.

Mr. J. W. Lingard's complimentary testimonial will take place at the New Bowery, on the 25th. A bill is being prepared which cannot fail to attract a full house.

Mr. J. S. Clarke will probably sail from this port, on the 19th, for Europe.

Hitchcock's Concert Saloon, Canal street, closes with a benefit for the proprietor, this evening. It will be re-opened in a few weeks, after sundry improvements shall have been completed.

Don't forget the match dance between Peel and Carroll, which has been arranged to take place at Mary Provost's Theatre, on Wednesday afternoon, 16th inst. Both dancers are well known in this city and elsewhere, and it is expected that there will be quite a turn-out of the profession and others to witness their terpsichorean display. A number of volunteers will also appear in a performance to be given previous to the dance.

The Lubin Brothers make their metropolitan bow at the Academy of Music, this evening, and from what we hear concerning their abilities, we infer that their entertainments will be well worth seeing. Their apparatus, composed principally of gold and silver, is said to be magnificent.

The "Combination" did the Rivals at the Brooklyn Academy, on Saturday, the 12th inst., and as far as the acting was concerned, it was done up in style. But save us from the stage *defects* and scenic blunders of a Brooklyn Academy representation. What with scant properties, inappropriate scenery, and the bad mechanical arrangements of the stage, together with the continually falling drop scenes, and the blunders of one kind or another, that mar nearly every theatrical performance that takes place at this model! establishment, we are surprised that it is patronized at all. Nothing but the admirable cast of the Rivals on the occasion prevented a slim house last Saturday, for the people are getting tired of such miserably inefficient management as marks that of the Brooklyn Academy. Of the performances we cannot speak in too high terms. Gilbert's Sir Anthony was truly an admirable rendition of the choleric old gent, and Wheatley's Captain Absolute was excellent. Mr. Placide was not as well up in his part as usual, but his Acres brought down the house frequently. In fact, from first to last all did well, the performances eliciting frequent outbursts of hearty applause. Black Eyed Susan was the last piece, but it was hurried through with, and we noticed considerable gagging by some of the artists. The house was crowded by a brilliant assemblage.

The "Boughton Operatic *debut*" has not yet taken place, and we hear nothing more on the subject.

We understand that the Concert Bill has passed, and only awaits the signature of the Governor to become a law. If so, then those directly interested should know the proper course to pursue. If an attempt is made to close our music halls, submit peaceably, and then institute a suit against the trespassers on constitutional grounds. We do not believe such a law will stand the test of a judicial inquiry, and managers who are fighting one another, when there is nothing to be gained by it, should combine, and direct their batteries against this Albany bantling. If it is a constitutional law, well and good; if not, let the question be settled by the legal tribunals. Hundreds, yea thousands, are interested in the question, and the sooner it is settled the better for all concerned. Stop your "civil war," Messrs. music hall managers, and unite to put down an oppressive legislative enactment.

On Monday, April 7th, the tragic play, written by Mr. John Savage, entitled Sibyl, was produced for the first time at the Winter Garden, the leading character of Sibyl being taken by Mrs. Matilda Heron Stœpel. The house was not two-thirds full, and though there was an evident desire to do justice to the play, but little applause was awarded its performance, and that only to the efforts of the principal actress, who was called out once during the evening. The drama is founded on the facts connected with the murder of Col. S. P. Sharpe, at Frankfort, Ky., by a young lawyer named Beauchamp, who, it appears, stabbed Sharpe in revenge for his having seduced Beauchamp's wife, before his marriage with her. On these slender grounds the plot of the play is formed, and though the language is good, though somewhat flowery, and the acting on the whole creditable, it must be regarded as a drama lacking too much the elements of popularity to meet with permanent success. It is a four act play, with scarcely material enough to clothe with interest three. Mrs. Stoepel characterized her development of the passion of revenge, in conflict with love, with the force and expression for which she is noted, and was called out at the close of the 4th act. Messrs. Davidge and Barton Hill creditably enacted their respective parts, and the other characters were fairly performed. The stage effects need revision, and a closer attention to the study of the text would be an improvement. We noticed that Mrs. Stoepel occasionally indulged in that sing-songy intonation, if we may so express it, which mars her otherwise excellent delivery. Miss Heron took a benefit, and was supposed to have made her "last appearance" on the 12th, but the manager subsequently had the pleasure of announcing that "Matilda Heron has so far yielded to the solicitation of many friends and admirers, and the urgently expressed wish of the public, as to arrange, at much inconvenience, to prolong her stay in New York for two nights more, Saturday, April 12, and Monday, April 14, for the purpose of affording those who have not yet witnessed it, an opportunity of seeing her in her magnificent role of Camille."

We may fairly suppose that the thermometer, and such things, are on the rise in Havana, from the large detachment of Italian Opera people who arrived at this from that port on the 7th, among whom were Adelaide Bossagio, A. Felline, Eliza Mosson, A. Volpini, G. Tompesi, E. Muzio, G. Ferri, C. Ferranti, G. B. Antonnels and wife, G. and W. Bossagio, etc.

What to make of Canterbury Hall, 585 Broadway, is more than we can guess. Every week shows some obvious improvement. Sometimes we think it an opera house, then a theatre, then a ballet-gymnasium with Venus taking lessons, then a sentimental family re-union, then some grand old cathedral with looking-glass aisles and chapels; but 'tis as 'tis, and we do not well imagine how it can be any "tiser," as one of the most attractive and enjoyable places in all Broadway. Whoever has been there will indorse this statement.

The American Music Hall, at 444 Broadway, continues to develope itself as an attractive place of amusement, in spite of all incidental or accidental opposition, from ignorance or malignity. The funny fellows, beautiful women, and clever artists, there engaged, are so numerous that we cannot begin to mention their names. But we know a man who never has a good laugh without thinking, directly, of Tony Pastor, Charley White, Bob Hart, Johnny Wild, Harry Leslie, or some such rib-ticklers at the American. Sentiment and dancing are equally well presented by the lady performers, as all who have been there once, well know.

The J. R. Scott Dramatic Association gave a performance to a large and select audience on the 8th inst., for the benefit of Mr. Gordon. "The Lady of Lyons" and "Robert Macaire" were the selections for the evening, the beneficiary taking the part of Claude in the first, but evidently made an unwise selection, it not being adapted either to his style or ability. J. L. Fisher, as Beauseant, was good; J. G. Melbur, as Col. Dumas, very fair; while quite a treat was witnessed by the auditors in Miss Josey St. Clair's Pauline, and Madame Deschappelles found a truthful representative in Mrs. Moore. A fancy dance by Master George and Miss Julia Gallot, and a song by Mr. Dougherty were here introduced, which pleased the audience. Robert Macaire proved all but a failure, owing to the sickness and consequent absence of Dick Marshall, who is said to be the best "Bob" on the amateur boards; B. R. Masterson took his place; H. N. Hughes, as Jacques Strop, was very funny; and C. H. Ward as Charles, was good, and the other characters passably sustained under the circumstances. The following named gentlemen have been elected officers for the ensuing term:—President, F. J. Gordon; Vice-President, J. Roberts; Treasurer, H. W. Hughes; Secretary, J. L. Fisher; Stage Manager, C. H. Ward; Assistant, J. J. Melbur; Property man, Williams.

The Union Dramatic Association, recently organised, will give their initiatory performance at Dramatic Hall, on the 15th prox. They have selected the "Miniralli," "Two Highwaymen" and the "Robber's Wife." The following is their list of officers: —President, C. B. White; Vice-President, W. H. Lee; Secretary, C. S. Butler; Treasurer, H. Morton; Stage Manager, Clarence Brutus Vincent; Assistant, J. Gagon.

DRAMATIC.

A few weeks since, our Philadelphia correspondent, "Young Rapid," stated that Mr. M'Keon, manager of the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, drew up a paper for his company to sign, in which they were to agree to give their services to the manager free, for one week. Mr. M'K. authorised us to contradict it, which we did. Our correspondent, in a note before us, expresses surprise that the truth of his statement should be denied, and reiterates all he has previously said, "and more too." He further says—"By publishing M'Keon's contradiction, you do me great injustice, for I have repeatedly stated that what I write, you can depend on as true. A friend of mine in Philadelphia wrote to me while I was in Baltimore, (which letter I enclose you,) stating that everything I stated in my former letter was strictly true, and to corroborate it, I was at liberty to use the names of Mr. Munroe, Mr. Carr, and Charles Lewis, all members of the company at the time, and all of whom, are disconnected with the theatre now, because the manager insisted upon their gratuitous services for one week, but failing in which he attempted to reduce salaries the following week. Now here I offer members of his company as proof of what I stated, one of them, Carr, the father of the beautiful Mary Carr that was burned to death at the calamity during the Wheatley regime," etc. Thus stands the case. Our correspondent, in setting himself right before the public, and in corroboration of the truth of what he has asserted, gives the names of three of the former members of the company.

Adah Isaacs Menken concludes her engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 19th, and opens at Columbus on the 21st, for one week, and from there she proceeds to Pittsburgh.

We have a little gossip concerning a well-known actress who has been performing of late in and about Washington, D. C. She has recently performed a part not set down in the bills. It seems that some months ago a youth, charmed by love's young dream, and the blandishments of a pretty woman, married our actress, then a widow, and thought his happiness complete. With surprise he did soon discover that the "Queen of his soul" was no sooner out of his sight, than he was out of her mind. During a recent engagement in Washington, she discovered a gay Lothario among the "bold soldier boys." Him did she as readily accept to her favors. One day, a couple of weeks since, the "much injured husband" went to look after his spouse; he found her at the house of a "Gallant Lieutenant," in Alexandria, Va. The scene which ensued was consummately enacted; the particulars it is useless to narrate. When the husband made his appearance, the lady received him with hauteur and cold disdain. The two gentlemen bowed to each other with imperturbable politeness; then *she* wanted to know *"what he came there for!"* The husband possessed stoicism enough to prevent himself from ending the affair with a tragedy; and regarding the artistic appearance of things, (as he does generally), he would not destroy the romance of an interesting "domestic drama," by instituting a *tragic denouement;* so he foreswore his vows, in her presence; denounced her in withering terms of scorn and contempt; complimented the soldier on possessing such a hopeful flame, then forsook forever the sportive dame.

From Knoxville, Tenn., we find the report confirmed that Mr. Walter Keeble, formerly manager of the Nashville Theatre, died in Knoxville recently. Deceased was an Englishman by birth, and made his first appearance in this country at Niblo's Garden. When Mrs. Mowatt took her farewell of the stage, Mr. Keeble was the Claude Melnotte with her Pauline.

Miss Ettie Henderson opened at the St. Louis Theatre on the 7th, but the house is represented as having been only so-so. "London Assurance" was the opening piece, and Miss Ettie the Lady Gay Spanker. She also sang and danced in the principal characters of "The Stratagem of An Actress."

When we cannot have a Happy Uncle Tom, we want him as reasonable as can be obtained. If he must die, let him die dramatically. This seems to have been achieved at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, by the Ellsler Family. John Ellsler is the Uncle Tom, Mrs. Effie Ellsler the Eliza, and Little Effie E. Ellsler the Little Eva, singing "Eva to her Papa" in such a style as to bring tears in the eyes of the Buffalonians. Little Effie had a benefit on the 11th. The Ellslers soon remove to Cleveland, O.

Marysville, Cal., is now likely to be a resting place for New York's favorite, Charley Thorne, as he has leased the Ramiriez House, opposite Cortez Square, Marysville. Charles R. Thorne will thus have a chance to rehearse for Mr. Hardcastle, while Mrs. C. R. Thorne would easily pass current for Miss Hardcastle without any rehearsing, and only "stoop to conquer" more than ever. "What, ho! House, here!"

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dillon met with very fair patronage while at Marysville, Cal. They had the good luck to be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Thorne, Miss C. Chapman, the Hamiltons, etc. On the 4th of March, Messrs. Thorne and Hamilton had a complimentary benefit, at which the Dillons were among the volunteers.

Myron and Hatch's company opened in Middleton, N. Y., on the 12th. The following is a list of the company:—John R. Flood, leading; M. Pike, juvenile; J. C. Myron, old man; J. H. Bensel, comedian; C. Mathews, heavy; and C. Folwell, walking gent. Ladies—Miss Kate Singleton, leading lady; Sallie Singleton, comedienne; and Mrs. J. R. Flood, chambermaid.

The Troy Theatre was opened by Messrs. Aiken and Wilkinson, on Wednesday, April 2d; the bill was "The Wonder," and "The Rough Diamond." Here is a list of the forces: Stage Manager, Geo. L. Aiken; Acting Manager, C. Wilkinson; Treasurer, Albert Aiken; Scenic Artist, Geo. Williams; Prompter, J. Lewis; Musical Director, C. H. Holcomb; Machinist, W. H. Bull; stage decorator, E. C. Leonard; Messrs. Walter Benn, S. H. Verney, R. Manuel, T. G. Riggs, T. K. Sarvin, E. Packard, T. White, R. H. George, T. English; Misses Anna Brown, Nellie Sprague, Mollie Ashton; Mesdames S. A. Austen, and J. H. Verney. The opening house was very good, although it rained torrents; the piece went off well. The business has been fair, up to Monday, 7th, when "Fort Donelson" was produced to not less than $200.

On the occasion of the opening of Ford's New Theatre, in Washington, D. C., on the 19th ult., the opening address, written for the occasion by Mr. H. E. Woodbury, was delivered by Miss Annie Graham. From it we take the following;—

Bright eyes of Beauty—forms of manly might,
Welcome, thrice welcome, on our opening night!
Your presence proves our efforts are not vain,
And that a generous public will sustain
The lawful Drama here, where Taste and Art
Have made our Capital,—the head and heart
Of a great Nation,—beautifully grand;—
A city worthy of our native land;
Worthy the name of Freedom's noblest son,
Our own beloved—immortal Washington.

We trust, ere long, that civil strife may cease,
That through our land the Olive Branch of Peace
Shall brightly bloom; then fanned by gentle gales,
Commerce shall safely spread her snow-white sails,
And then in every land,—on every sea,—
Our "Stars and Stripes" shall the more honored be.
Hasten the time, when all in our loved land
Shall be united, both in heart and hand,
And a great people joyfully shall raise,
Unto our nation's God,—one hymn of praise.

When after bloody wars old Rome and Greece
Enjoyed again "the piping times of peace,"
The ample Amphitheatre was built,
Where Gladiators struggled hilt to hilt,
And he who vanquished was, died in despair,
While shouts, and cheers, and laughter rent the air.
But in our day, the Thespian Art can claim
A gentler sphere,—a more exalted fame,
Nor ever does it stronger weapons try,
Than the swift shafts that shoot from Beauty's eye,
Causing of Pleasure and of Pain a thrill,
A dangerous wound,—but one that does not kill.

When from the far-off Scandinavia,
There came a Child of Song, a brilliant Star,
On yonder site, where erst the flames had played,
Arose a temple worthy of the maid.
But fated seemed the spot, for fire once more,
Assailed the Drama, as it had before.
And, here, where oft the solemn sounds of prayer,
And Anthem's note have fallen on the air,*
We shift the scene, and mirror on the Stage,
The fashions and the follies of each age;
Show Human Nature in its varied guise,
Teach you the vile to shun,—the good to prize.

Here oft as Momus shall assert his right,
Or graver Tragedy shall rule the night,
Give but your countenance,—your friendly cheer,
Of failure, then, we shall not have a fear;
But acting every part our very best,
Will to your generous kindness leave the rest.

* The Athenæum Building was lately the Tenth-street Baptist Church.

Fred. L. Kent closed his dramatic season in Portland, Me., on the 24th of March, and intends opening in Bangor on the 21st or 28th of the present month.

Miss Alice Placide, who was in Toronto for two weeks, was to have left there on the 10th inst.

Mr. C. W. Couldock opened at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 8th. The first two evenings were "the worst kind" of weather, but since then the attendance has been fair. "The Willow Copse" seems to bear repetition well.

Mrs. (Lucille Western) Mead is to perform two more weeks at the Holliday-street, Baltimore, then a short engagement in New York, and after that take a trip to the flowery meads of California. A decidedly "western" tour, from New York.

Miss Maggie Mitchell is to follow Ettie Henderson at the St. Louis Theatre. "The Bottle Imp" and "Mazeppa" are underlined at that house. A St. Louis correspondent has promised us a letter in contradiction to that of "Non Professional," which charged Maggie with sundry magpie talk (and actions) in favor of secession. All right. Let us have the truth:—

"Whack! row de dow!
The Stars and Stripes must wave forever,
Whack! row de dow!
For our flag we're bound to save!"

Isabella Cubas and her ballet-troupe are now "promised" to appear at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 21st, sure. It is also "promised" that "amends" shall be made for previous disappointments.

Reynolds & Rogers' Varieties Company are in this State. They were to have given a dramatic entertainment at the Baptist Church, Morganville, N. Y., on the 12th. They get over the church by calling their play the "great moral scriptural drama." Tickets, 15 cents; children, 10 cents.

At McFarland's Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, on the 9th, "Our American Cousin" was trotted out, with F. S. Chanfrau as Asa, J. W. Albaugh as Dundreary, and Jessie McFarland as Florence. The military drama of "Bull Run" was in preparation.

On Monday evening next, 21st inst., the Cleveland Academy of Music opens for the spring and summer season.

The net proceeds of the Brownlow reception at Pike's Opera House, in Cincinnati, was the handsome amount of $1,125. The Committee of Arrangements met at the Gibson House, Saturday evening, 5th, and made a presentation of the sum to Parson Brownlow. The Parson accepted the generous and unexpected gift with a visible exhibition of emotion, which became strongly marked when he spoke of his wife and family of six helpless children he had left behind him, and in the midst of the demons. Through the Committee, he thanked the citizens of Cincinnati for their great kindness.

The new drama, "Crahoor-na-Bilhoge," produced at the Arch, Philadelphia, does not seem to meet with much favor. It is still on, however, and may run for a week or two longer.

Miss Charlotte Thompson remains the present week at the Walnut, Philadelphia. A sentimental play, called "Edith and Zeldia," in which Miss Thompson sustains two characters, has been produced.

At the Continental, Philadelphia, the Macarthy is the attraction, but it does not seem to have created much of a sensation. The "sensationists" used themselves up on Uncle Tom.

The German Theatre, Callowhill street, Philadelphia, introduces the comedian, Mr. Bohler, this evening, 14th; and on the 15th, Mr. Kunst, from the Berlin Theatre, makes his *debut*.

The following letter in reference to "Non-Professional's" charges against Miss Mitchell is straightforward, and to the point, and we give it entire:—"Chicago, April 7th, 1862.—Friend Queen—In looking over your summary of April 5th, I saw a letter from a 'Non-Professional' correspondent, Burlington, Iowa, making several charges against Miss Maggie Mitchell:—1st, singing the Southern Marseilles Hymn in Montgomery; 2d, appearing in costume at Jeff Davis' Inauguration; 3d, for using the Stars and Bars, and Stars and Stripes, during the performance of the 'French Spy,' in New Orleans, last winter. The first two charges I cannot contradict, but the third I can, most emphatically, having been in Mr. B. DeBar's theatre—better known as the St. Charles Theatre—the whole of last winter. Neither the Stars and Bars nor Stars and Stripes were used in the 'French Spy' during Miss M. Mitchell's engagement. The French flag was used at the end of the 1st act, for I assisted Mr. C. A. McManus—who played the part of Mahomet—to pull it down and trample it under foot. Mr. C. A. McManus is now playing in Pittsburgh, who can testify to what I say. There was no flag used in the 2d act, and the person who played the part of Capt. Didier carried the French flag at the end of the 3d act, which Miss Mitchell took from him, and waved it over the dying Arab. The Bey of Algiers was played by Mr. Hind, who can also testify to the above. Mr. McClellan, of the Boston Museum, was the Sergeant Dubourg, and, if he will speak out like a man, can also prove what I say. I wish to inform my friend from Burlington that the St. Charles Theatre never possessed a confederate flag. In your correspondent's letter, he states that Miss Mitchell was styled the Queen of the South. I can send you bills of nearly every night that Miss M. played, and you will find that no such terms are made use of on the bills. For further particulars apply to your humble servant, Johnson Leonard,
McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. J. B. Roberts is now in an engagement for two weeks at the Boston Museum, commenced on the 14th. "Faust and Marguerite" is the principal card. W. H. Whalley is the Faust, Kate Reignolds the Marguerite, and J. B. R. the Mephistophiles.

Marston, Miles and Fletcher's party seem to have "skedaddled" the other day at Portsmouth, N. H., although their business in Maine and "parts adjacent" had been good. Miles goes miles away, out West, taking his best horse with him. Marston goes to the Howard, Boston.

Grover's Theatre, (the New National,) in Washington, D. C., will be opened to the public for the first time on Easter Monday evening, 21st inst. Mr. John Collins, Irish comedian and vocalist, will be the opening star, supported by Mr. D. Setchell, Mr. E. L. Tilton, Miss Jennie Parker, Lotty Hough, and others of ability. By an advertisement in this department, the company engaged are notified to meet at the theatre on the morning of Friday, 18th inst.

Managers F. L. Kent and E. B. Williams open at Bangor about the 1st May.

Frank Rivers terminates his season at Worcester, Mass., on the 14th, and now changes the scene into Vermont.

Miss Josephine Orton, of the Boston Museum, has been doing a "Little Red Riding Hood" business, and is now (legally) Mrs. Benj. E. Woolf. There is an apt quotation for this event, but we are not clear about the words, something like—"May love, door; wolf, window, etc.

Our inquiry for "Little Fiske," last week, has "drawn the badger," and glad we are to hear of his prosperity, also of Mr. Lanergan's. Both are "trumps," anyhow. Mr. L. may be expected home soon from the West Indies. Mr. F. has organized a company at Kingston, Jam., and "Mose" will "run wid" Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rea, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Davenport, Mr. Thompson, Miss Grattan, etc., making a tour of the island, at the close of Mr. Lanergan's season.

The musical abilities of the regular company at the Boston Museum were pretty well tested last week with "The Doctor of Alcantara." Disinterested persons considered the performance as equal to anything done by the Italian Uproar people at the Academy of Music.

The E. L. Davenport, H. C. Jarrett, and W. Wheatley party occupy the Boston Theatre, commencing on the 21st, for four weeks. Tom Comer in the orchestra.

We are not in any way supposed to, or surprised at, any amount of dramatic revolutions; but, what are we to think of the "versatility" of an actress who can play such characters as Camille, Mrs. Haller, and Jack Sheppard, taking them as they come, by and large? A notable example was afforded last week in Baltimore, and no doubt all the personations were equally well sustained. If so—

"O, den, shet de do—
In old Baltimo—."

One of those good things for which solid Old Boston is famous, may be expected to come off soon at the Boston Theatre. This is, a performance of "Macbeth," entirely by amateurs of that ilk, for the benefit of the Soldiers' Relief Fund. Let it—like one of Windust's steaks—be "done quickly," etc.

The benefit of Mr. Whitall, on the 28th ult., at the People's Theatre, Denver City, C. T., was well attended; the same evening the attendance was good at the Platte Valley Theatre, on the occasion of Eva's benefit. Part of the troupe from the People's Theatre assisted, and Mr. Langrishe sang one or two Irish songs. At the first-named Theatre, a poem entitled "King Sham," read by Mr. Greenleaf, was the feature of the programme.

The theatre at Milwaukee, after being closed two weeks, was re-opened on the 31st ult. by Mr. Riley, but after playing one week, with Mr. Neafie as the star, the manager found himself unable to complete a second week, and quietly subsided. It is said that the Academy will shortly be opened as a minstrel hall.

The Howard, in Boston, goes through some of the most excruciating spasms of mutability. As stated in our issue of last week, Manager Fleming had been compelled to cry out "enough!" Like Macbeth, he could not live on ambition altogether. In this "perplexing predicament," Wyzeman Marshall steps forward as the Quintius Curtius of the occasion—no allusion to Abe Vanderbeck, Joe Cushing, or any of our circus friends who did the handsome thing on a certain previous occasion—and now boldly tries to make what was the most beautiful theatre in Boston once more shine out as one of the most attractive—as it undoubtedly might be made. Brother Marshall has "the rocks," and the place where he and his brother could not make money must be one of those barren places we read of in the "Letters of Major Jack Downing." Besides, Wyzeman is like Cardinal Wolsey—

"There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends,"

and already he commences business (14th) with Falconer's version of "Peep o' Day, or Savourneen Deelish," in which Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway perform Harry and Kate Kavanagh as originally played at the author's own theatre, in London. Run or no run with Edmund Falconer's truly original dramatization, and the splendid acting of the Conways, Wyzeman is preparing a stock of reserve troops, showing his good generalship. Such a man as Marshall does not leave the elegancies of his private residence without intending to carry on war like a Hotspur. We learn that he has W. H. Curtis, L. P. Roys, D. Nourse, Misses Kate and Molly Newton, F. E. Aiken, J. Biddles and wife, Mrs. Sylvester, Joseph P. Price, C. H. Wilson, etc. About the musicians we are not at present informed, but honest John Holloway is to give them their "Wood Up" when they rosin up. No doubt Marshall is safe. He made money previously at the Howard, and we hope he may "do so some more."

Adah Isaacs Menken is now entitled, we believe, to marry any millionaire who comes along, and who may be inclined to do the polite thing. Miss Adah is also hereafter entitled to put her name to as many "doubles" on a play bill as she may please. Our friend, John C. Heenan, must confess, when he hears the news, that Adah was "one too many" for him. Adah's memoirs are known to all the world, by our previous mention. This "last act" caps the sheaf in Corinthian style, and shows Adah as a pretty fair Corinthian Tom. She has obtained a divorce from John C. Heenan in the Circuit Court of McHenry County, at Woodstock, Illinois. She is said to have proved her marriage to him at his Rock Cottage, on the Bloomingdale Road, near New York, by the Rev. J. S. Baldwin, on the 3d April, 1859. What must we call her now? Should it be Rachel Adah Isaacs? What shall we do with the Menken, now "tother dear charmer's away?" What author and publisher would make fame and fortune by describing adventures so romantic, triumphs so comical? What artist must we find to illustrate them? Adah has our consent to join any party, except the Secessionists and the Strong-Minded Women.

MUSIC HALLS.

Considerable changes have lately taken place at the Metropolitan Concert Saloon, Wilmington, Del. Miss Clara Butler, the vocalist—daughter of Madame Clifford, now Mrs. Cox—seems to have improved the biz. Miss Julia Hamilton—she of the Arab Brothers—is the next novelty. The company also has Miss Nelly Clifford, Miss Jenny Soto, Messrs. Jake Budd, B. Virtue, John and Charles Trewalla, J. Donnell, Professor Anderson, and a new member of the Smith family. Charley Cox is proprietor, and John Treadwell stage manager. The waiter-girls have been sent away, with religious tracts for consolation, and boys now bring in the foaming lager, so that what goes by the name of Christianity may be sure of obtaining "the Wilmington brand" before it goes to market.

Baltimore seems to have "slid out" to Washington lately. The music halls seem to have "followed suit" with the theatres, as may be seen at Canterbury Hall. Dick Parker, Mdlle. La Folle, Little Ella, Sykes Clarke, Hamilton, etc., "jined in" with the Mammoth Washington Company, as if the mammy of the mammoth. The Delavante Brothers are useful as a "Serious Family" to the comic folks.

Brainard's Hall (late Melodeon), Cleveland, Ohio, can now be engaged for concerts, lectures, and exhibitions of all kinds. See advertisement.

Recent advices from Nashville, Tenn., "gives assurance through the night," that "our flag it is there." Our military spirit and dramatic tendencies seem to travel together, like twin sisters using the same carpet-bag. *"Esto perpetua!"* No sooner had Uncle Sam's gardeners recovered possession of the Nashville patch in his garden, than Manager Bechtner, of St. Louis, "put out" in the steamer Prairie Rose, and arrived in Nashville on Sunday evening. On Monday morning, large and handsome show-bills told the inhabitants what had "arrove." On that same evening, 24th March, the Masonic Hall shone out with an elegant audience assembled to witness the performances. The Campbell Minstrels, comprising Nelson Kneas, Bill Manning, E. Orpen, J. Stout, J. W. Smith, Joe Mairs, etc., came forward as the "forlorn hope," and succeeded in taking the hearts of the Nashvillians by storm, especially when Alex. Ross danced "the essence of old Virginia." The remainder of the experiment was an easy conquest. As for cannon balls, the Conklin Brothers showed what could easily be done with them, among other gymnastic feats. Pete Conklin gave a comic song in the original Dutch, and John Conklin proved his title of "The Young American Hercules." But it was reserved for our pretty girls to give the Waterloo charge. Miss Victoria Howard, Miss Kate Warwick (no matter whether married or not), and La Belle Louise, performed that part of Mr. Bechtner's generalship, and did it well. The receipts have since averaged $200 each business night. The burlesque opera of "Oh, Hush!" and a medley concert have been added to the programme, and in these Mr. Postlewait's musical abilities are very useful. Nelson Kneas can sing "Ben Bolt," he can, and his rendition of "See, Sir, see," from "Cinderella," reminds us of what a capital Dandini he was originally in Philadelphia, when the Hunt family were around,—

"In the days when we went gypsying,
A long time ago."

Rossini himself could not desire a better Dandini. But, our present theme is Manager Bechtner's enterprise at Nashville. His biz. is tip top. Admission fifty cents. Bills printed at *Nashville Patriot* office. Both St. Louis and Nashville press seem complimentary. Jerry Merrifield, soon to be with Mr. Bechtner, is at present the right-hand man at the Melodeon, in St. Louis. Jerry is all-powerful as an apostle of peace and harmony. Nashville is safe.

The Melodeon, in St. Louis, J. W. Chapman proprietor, and Jerry Merrifield stage-manager, continues to dish up the queer, quaint, and quizzical, in exquisite style. Julia Barton has been favorably received. Some interesting changes are taking place towards Nashville, and we expect to have a full list of those who remain at the Melodeon, next week.

A third wizard or prestidigitateur, Herr Alexander, appeared in Pittsburgh on the 7th, as if Anderson and Heller had not been "enough," and opened at Masonic Hall. He gave a free lecture the first evening to a full house, and undertook to explain the philosophy of "second sight;" but, on the second evening there was a very small "sight" for the treasurer. Of course the Herr came out next morning with a "card," in which he stated that his theory was all right, but that his audience had not the "ability" to understand it. May be so. This being the third time of asking, we begin to think that wizardizing performers had better avoid Pittsburgh in future, as there seems to be something about the Iron City that deranges their magnets and upsets their "reckoning." This Alexander must seek other realms to conquer.

Manager Jake Esher seems to have no idea of caving in under the pressure of competition at St. Louis. On the contrary, Jake announces that he has "the largest and best company in the West." Certainly his bills and performances are very attractive, and he has a capital stage manager in James Riley. Judicious (no Jew) Jake.

Uncle Ben Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, has been notified by Mayor Sawyer to remove the refreshment counters. Trimble does not tremble, but will probably have to remove them into less conspicuous positions. N. B.—Licensing time comes in May.

Alfred Burnett still manages to lecture in Wyman's Hall, St. Louis.

For continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 3.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APRIL —.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 12lb, Home Circuit.

1.—Bandoff and Hopkins—£10 a side, catch weight, Home Circuit.

3.—Crockett's Novice and Hefferan—£10 a side, at 7st 6lb. Home Circuit.

7.—Gilbank and Humpage—£10 a side, Sheffield.

8.—Morris Phelan and Harry Allen—£25 a side, Birmingham.

15.—J. Hurley and E. Dwyer—£5 a side, Home Circuit.

GEORGE KING AND REARDON, FOR £100.

ANOTHER DRAWN FIGHT.

[*From the Sporting Life, March 26.*]

The long looked-for contest between Patsey Reardon and George King, at catch-weight, for £50 a side, took place yesterday, down the river, at a spot that has not been visited since Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones fought their memorable battle. A dispute arose, at the stakeholder's, on Friday last, respecting the whereabouts, which was settled, after a wordy war, by Mr. Fleming, (King's backer) giving Reardon £10 for choice of ground. We deem it unnecessary to give the performances of the men, and content ourselves by saying that Reardon was backed from Bristol, and trained at Mr. Tupper's, the Swan Inn, Ash Common, Aldershot Camp, under the supervision of Johnny Walker, of Stoney Stratford, who, by great attention, reduced him from 11st 10lb to 10st 6lb, and certainly, in point of condition, he looked all his weight. He arrived at Mr. Tupper's, in London, on Monday night. His colors were a green silk handkerchief, with a crimson bar and a white border. King was backed from the East-end, and took his breathings at Southend, under the care of George Crockett. His standard was white, with a chocolate cross-bar and border. The betting was 6 to 4 on Reardon, but this is merely a nominal quotation, barely any money being posted.

The first train from Fenchurch street was the fixture for the meeting, when the "office" of the mode of transit would be known to the multitude, although it was well understood on the previous day by the *cognoscenti* that a water trip was in perspective, and, from the arrangements made by Mr. Fleming, it was next to a certainty that the mill would come off. King was the first to arrive at the station, attended by his principal backer and friends, at 6:50 a. m. Reardon did not arrive until ten minutes past seven, with Mr. Tupper, Walker, and several friends from Bristol. Anxious inquiries were made respecting the price of the transit per steamer, which caused many a hearty lover of a mill to "sigh," button up his pockets to resist temptation and depart, casting many melancholy looks at the merry group he was obliged to leave behind him. The morning was very misty, but the sun, even at that early hour, gave promise of a fine day. On arriving at North Woolwich it was discovered that King was not on board, and a few growls were vented in the apprehension that it would cause a delay before starting, but on Mr. Fleming saying that King would "ship" at Tilbury, everything again became *couleur de rose*. Reardon, with the ropes and stakes, having been taken on board, orders were given for the start, which took place at a quarter-past nine, with one of the most orderly cargoes that have been to witness a mill for some time. As the *voyageurs* steamed down the river the sun shone magnificently, and Barking, Purfleet, Grays, &c., were passed in turn, and the authorities found to be arrionously on the *qui vive*. At Long Reach House they mustered in great force, and solitary specimens of the "invisibles" were met from time to time on the look-out. Tilbury was reached at ten minutes to eleven, when the steamer's head was turned to tide and boxed about waiting for King, who, accompanied by Bob Travers, was shipped on board at three minutes past eleven, where he shook hands with Reardon, &c. There was also a tidy muster of the friends of both men, who preferred a journey by rail to the tedious water trip. The police again mustered in pairs on both sides of the river.

A delay occurred, in consequence of the managers of the affair insisting on "the Borough D'Orsay," who was one of the seconds of Reardon, paying his fare, which was demurred to, such a proceeding being without a precedent, and out of all character. After a stormy discussion, the D'Orsay was sent for, and on his getting on board, the vessel was again under weigh at a quarter past eleven. The strict letter of the law respecting the boat and its arrangements was carried out. Several who thought that by taking advantage of the strong ebb tide they could drop down from Gravesend, were most properly disappointed, for nothing less than the tariff would be accepted by the commander-in-chief, who has set an example worthy of being followed by all his successors. Southend and the Nore Light were passed at the best pace, until at a quarter past one o'clock, the anchor was dropped opposite the Isle of Sheppey for the first pitch. The ropes and stakes, with Fred Oliver and his assistants, were the first boat-load that started for shore, followed at long intervals by other craft, loaded with those who were anxious for *terra firma*. The betting at this time was 6 to 4 on Reardon, but speculation was very limited. At twenty minutes past two, an attempt was made to pitch the ring on a dry spot in the midst of a marsh, and no time was lost in putting the arena into ship-shape form. During the formation of the theatre of war, the few who had arrived at the commencement were augmented, until there could not have been less than a couple of hundred round the magic circle. Reardon and King arrived at the ring-side at the same time—twenty-five minutes past 2 P. M. The rain, which had fallen at times during the trip to the scene of action, had now increased, and threatened to fall heavily. Billy Duncan, the P. B. A. inspector, with his assistants, Jack Grant, Dooney Harris, Bill Gilliam, Cocklin, and Simon Finighty, well kept the inner ring. The betting was 6 to 4 on Reardon. Reardon was the first to throw in his cap, having the Borough D'Orsay and Johnny Walker for his seconds. King soon followed suit, having George Crockett and Bob Travers for his advisers. Reardon won the toss for corners, and the referee having been appointed by the stakeholder, no time was lost in arranging the toilets of the men, and other preliminaries being completed, they stood up at 2:50 P. M. for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men were delivered at the scratch their condition was eagerly scanned, more especially that of King, who, when he held up his hands, showed himself almost the perfection of condition, as well as being one of the best made men at 11st that has been seen for some time. His chest is a study for any artist, the shoulders being well covered with muscle, and the pectorals and biceps fully developed. The loins are of great width and strength, but below, although his legs are of the average size, they had an appearance of slowness which was fully carried out by the manner in which he attempted to deliver at long shots. Reardon was rather fleshy, but still looked the gladiator all over. He was of a much neater build than his opponent, and was thoroughly developed in the chest and shoulders, while his loins and legs were quite in proportion. Both stood with their left hands well advanced and the right across the body, showing that they understood the primary rules of the boxer's art. A dead silence reigned around, every one expecting to see both eager to commence hostilities; but instead of that, caution was the order of the day. They commenced sparring at a respectful distance, and King getting within shot, instead of letting loose with a will, he feinted, at the same time jumping back. More cautious sparring, each in turn feinting and getting away, and occasionally diversifying the performance by standing and looking at each other. These manœuvres were displayed until fifteen minutes had been cut to waste, when Reardon tried his left at the head, and, putting on the double, just succeeded in planting a light one on the ribs. Patsey, encouraged by this slight advantage, led off with the left, but was wofully out of distance, notwithstanding which King was very active in getting out of shot. On sparring to within distance, Patsey again placed a light reminder on the left arm; more cautious sparring, until King landed a very light one on the chest. The same tactics over again; Reardon, not throwing a chance away, only fought at the body, where he was invariably stopped, the blows only getting on to the left arm, when King got away. More sparring, until Reardon followed King into his own corner, where he delivered his left on the cheek, and his right on the ear, forcing exchanges, in which both fought at random, King getting on Reardon's cheek, and the latter on the jaw. They then closed, when King, who was much the stronger, threw Reardon and fell on him. Time, 25 min.

2. Both came up to time smiling. King's left ear was flushed, and his left eye winking. Reardon had a dark under the right eye and jaw. The same caution was repeated, each in turn feinting and getting out of distance, Reardon fighting at the body, retreating when he was short; King only feinting and getting out of danger in his own clumsy style. Time after time did it appear that they had made up their minds; but no strenuous exertions were made by either, until Patsey, finding King for once did not retreat, dashed out his left on the nose, when King closed, and Reardon tried to drop, but King, being the stronger, pulled him up, and, holding him, finally threw him, and fell on him.

3. The same game was played, neither evidently intending to force the pace. Reardon, however, finding that King could not plant on him, led off viciously with the left, but King ducking, just escaped a hot 'un, when he (King) rushed in, and, after a couple of open-handed attempts on his part, caught hold of Reardon, and, after a short struggle, threw him by sheer strength. Time, 33 minutes.

4. Both men, as they came up, showed without any marks, and although they were urged up by their seconds, neither man would force trumps, and great caution was displayed by both. Reardon was the first to lead off, but *very short*, after which he got his right fairly on King's forehead, the latter returning on the nose, and then closed, and threw Reardon heavily at the ropes. Time, 37 minutes.

5. Both came up flushed from their exertions at the finish of the previous round, and as they faced each other, resumed their old cautious tactics, each in turn feinting and getting away, and occasionally taking a good look at each other. Reardon was the first to commence operations, but appeared as if he was shoulder-tied in his deliveries, as, instead of their getting fairly on the head, they invariably were landed either on the chest or arm. At length, after standing looking at each other for some time, they renewed the sparring, when King landed a little one on the chest and jumped away from the return. After more practice in the way of *caution*, Reardon got on the nose with his left, when King rushed in open-handed and picked Reardon up and fairly back-heeled Reardon, and fell on him. Time, 47 minutes.

6. King came up first, but still was not anxious to commence operations, for on feinting, to bring Reardon to the scratch, he jumped back. The same faddling game was continued, with the exception that King for once led off, for which he caught a rather warm one on the nose, Patsey getting away without a return. Patsey, enlivened by the success of the previous attempt, tried again, and got his left on the cheek, and right on the ribs; King, in return, getting a "warmer" on the side of the head. Sparring and dancing about the ring until one hour had elapsed, and no damage done. The same caution was displayed, neither apparently too anxious to force the game. Patsey was invariably short in his deliveries—in fact, so short, that although he got on frequently, he did no damage. These frequent pinkings—contrary to the expectations of King's friends—did not raise the "Irish American's" dander, for, if anything, he fought more cautiously, and as the rain fell in torrents, it no doubt helped to cool each man's courage. These performances were continued until Reardon landed a light one on the nose, when King rushed in open-handed, and, closing, caught Reardon round the neck, and by sheer force dragged him to the ropes, where he screwed him down and fell on him. Time, 1 hour 19 minutes.

7. On coming up, King's left cheek was seen to be flushed. Reardon's nose showed marks of his opponent's handiwork. They commenced the old game of sparring, feinting, and getting away. At length Reardon mustered up courage enough to let go his left, which alighted on King's head. This brought them to a close, and after a short tussle for the fall, King was uppermost.

8. Both looked excited from their *hard* work in the previous round, and King for once led off with his left, but to ofar off to do any damage. Reardon replied by a smart counter on the head, and followed it up by a friendly tap on the left cheek, and, in getting back, slipped down, but got up and renewed the round. King dashed out his left at his opponent's body, which got home heavily. Reardon returned the favor by a flush hit on the forehead, and rushed to a close. They struggled to the ropes, and in the fall Reardon was undermost.

9. Reardon's chest showed the impression of King's left, but as a set-off, King's ear looked swollen, and his cheek was enlarged. They treated the spectators to a bout of sparring, in which neither seemed inclined to go in to win, but both had a quiet laugh at each other. Reardon, however, as if ashamed of this sort of fun, dashed out with both hands, but was short. King feinted, and Reardon got his left on the nose in return, when King rushed madly to a close, dashed Reardon down, and fell on him.

10. Both came up blowing, and by no means comfortable at the work that was set before them, and notwithstanding all the "jollying" given by their seconds, no attempt was made to force the fighting. Sparring was the order of the day, and that not of a first-class character; but Reardon, finding himself close to King, dashed out his left, which landed on the nose, Reardon getting away without a return. King savage, missed a very wild right-hander, which swung him, King, round. Reardon taking advantage of the position, *dared* to plant another left-hander on the nose, and again on the arm. These liberties roused King, who got close, and good counters with the left took place, Reardon getting on the chin, receiving a "hot one" on the right eye, which raised a bump. King missed his right, and then rushed to a close, and holding Reardon by sheer strength for some time, he threw him, but almost harmlessly. Time, 1 hr. 30 min.

11. The cautious tactics in this bout were carried to the extreme, actually approaching the confines of cowardice, for King, when he delivered his left, drew his body back, which more than nullified any vicious attempt. Reardon also fought wildly, and missed a couple of round right-handers. Both appeared satisfied they could not win easily, therefore discretion was, in their opinion, the better part of valor, and so cautious were the tactics exhibited, that the referee, after some time, gave them *six minutes* to commence proceedings, or he would resign his office and declare the affair a drawn battle. Not a blow was struck, and at the expiration of the time specified the referee retired, after they had been in the ring *one hour and fifty-two minutes;* the last *twenty-two minutes without a blow being struck!* A scene of confusion, of course, occurred, the backers and seconds of the men themselves declaring they wished to continue the fight, and would, if the referee would resume his office, which, after some persuasion, he did. Caution was still displayed, until counters were delivered, but only lightly, when they closed, and breaking away, both slipped down at the ropes.

This was the round in which great expectations were singularly doomed to disappointment. Both men seemed as if they *really* meant mischief, but subsided down to milk and water. The usual performance was again gone through, until they delivered a random blow or two, and Reardon, in getting on the chin, and receiving on the head, slipped down.

13 and 14 and last. The same caution was displayed during these rounds, until the referee, finding that his "good nature" had been imposed upon, gave *another ten minutes*, at the conclusion of which, he *finally* resigned his office, and the affair was drawn, after the men had been in the ring two hours and 25 min.

REMARKS.

A more contemptible exhibition than this so-called "fight" never disgraced pugilistic annals. Both men came to the scratch in perfect health and condition, and stood up as a mockery, refusing to use their fists. We have had so much of this kind of game lately, that it looks very much like one being frightened and the other not daring. Reardon was following bad precedents which the public have been made familiar with by the "sham fights" between Brettle and Rooke, Goss and Ryall, and Tyler and Shaw. For 2 hours and 25 minutes these men, Reardon and King, stood up in a roped ring and fought, or rather got through, fourteen rounds only. King, not contented with making an "exhibition" of himself as a pugilist absolutely beneath notice, behaved in a most disgusting manner, deriding the advice of his seconds, and meeting their expostulations with the most abominable behavior. He has no earthly pretension to fighting ability, as he could neither hit nor stop, but was good at getting away, which seemed most congenial to his nature. Reardon was almost "ditto repeated," except that he was somewhat more artistic, and, bar disobeying his second's orders, was not guilty of King's disgraceful conduct. In vain did the seconds implore their men to fight, and advised them as to tactics. Fight they would not, but stood looking at each other like Quakers, instead of men engaged in a demonstration of pugilism. Such scenes as these are enough to doom the P.R., and leave it without a single patron beyond "flannel jackets." Fortunately there were few of the "gentlemen" present to witness the affair, and the only wonder is that such sorry performers should find backers at all. All the old ring-goers and the right sort present expressed their unmitigated contempt at what they saw. For fighting, Lucas and Ruffles, who met and fought on Monday for a mere "fiver," put King to the blush, as Ruffles went in like a thorough game 'un, using an almost broken arm for upwards of half an hour. Yet here were King and Reardon, who set up a pretension to the character of professional boxers, refusing to fight as positively as if frightened of a black eye or bloody nose. We had enough of this kind of thing in Brettle and Rooke's recent meetings, and begin to fear that the good old days of science and slogging have gone forever. If pugilists who have recently resorted to these "won't fight and don't like" tactics, would peruse the records of bygone mills for the Championship, which we publish from time to time, they would learn how, in the Augustan era of the Ring, men fought with hand and heart, and upheld instead of degrading their profession to something below the notice or even countenance of the admirers of pluck and skill. It is our determination to expose all these mockeries in the name of pugilism, and we only hope never to be pestered with either names or intentions of these men. Of Patsey Reardon we certainly expected better things, and indeed everybody has been thoroughly disappointed in their expectations, as it was believed that this would be an out and out punishing battle. After what we have said it is almost useless to add that neither exhibited marks of punishment, and that they left the ring almost scatheless. We shall ever uphold pugilism when carried out by manliness, courage, and skill, but like all Englishmen, we dearly love a fair stand-up fight, and have therefore no sympathy with the burlesque enacted between Reardon and King, which no more represented fighting than a tea-meeting. When, in addition to such instances, we have men matched for heavy stakes running away from their training, and dragged from drunkenness to do their duty to their backers, we may well fear that the noble art has fallen from its high estate.

RATTLING MILL BETWEEN J. RUFFLES AND J. LUCAS.—These lads met on Monday morning last, in the home district, to settle a small difficulty. The time named was six o'clock A. M., and, with commendable punctuality, both were at the appointed spot. After searching the country round for something like a dry spot, the ropes and stakes were pitched, and the men entered the ring. Ruffles was seconded by Short M'Gannon and J. Keefe, Lucas by Dovey and Boweater, and at twenty minutes to seven, A. M., they stood up for Round 1.—There was but little difference in the weight of the men, although Lucas was much the younger, and had the advantage in length of reach, as well as being "cleverer." The first four or five rounds were all in favor of Lucas, who repeatedly delivered with both hands, and got first blood in the second round. In the sixth round Lucas hurt his hand, and Ruffles took the lead, and thus they fought on, first one and then the other, getting the best. The ground was a perfect quagmire, the mud, each time the men fell, splashing over the spectators in a dreadful manner. In the seventh round, an appeal of "foul" was made against Lucas, on the ground of his having unfairly caught hold of Ruffles to throw him, but the referee said "fight on." In the sixteenth, another appeal was made, which met with a like response. From this point the fight became tedious, for, from the nature of the ground, neither man could stand to hit his antagonist, though each did his utmost to win. In the 31st round, Ruffles threw his man heavily, and fell on him, and, had the ground been hard, it must have told tales. Up to the sixtieth round no great lead was taken by either, but now Ruffles complained of his left arm, and Lucas got on several times with effect, and gradually improved his chance, until it seemed all over, bar an accident; and no doubt the seconds of Ruffles would in a short time have thrown up the sponge, had not two gentlemen in blue loomed in the distance. Seeing this, they sent their men again and again, until the police came up and put a stop to it, after they had fought ninety-two rounds in 1 hour, forty-two min. The referee, who refused to act any more that day, ordered the men to meet at our office on Friday next, at one o'clock, when a day will be named for the renewal of the mill.

DAN COVENEY AND W. DONOHUE, £10 (HOME CIRCUIT).—On Monday last a lively mill, for £5 a side, took place in the Home Circuit, between Dan Coveney and William Donohue (both residents of the East-end), who a few weeks previously had fallen out, and, like Englishmen, endeavored to settle their differences in a proper manner, but, unfortunately, the authorities interfered. The friends of each man, anxious to see the matter out in a straightforward manner, deposited £5 a side at the *Sporting Life* office for a fair stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the P. R. Dan Coveney was attended by Jemmy Norton and Jack Dutton, W. Donohue being seconded by Jem Keefe. The second time the ring was pitched matters were satisfactory, and the men stripped for their work. Coveney is about twenty-one years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, and on this occasion at least weighed 11st. Donohue is about 5 feet 8½ inches, 10st. 4lb. in weight, and will be twenty-one years of age on the 28th of the current month. The battle commenced at a quarter-past ten in the morning, and Keefe having won the toss for corners, placed his man with his back to the sun and wind. Coveney, who was much the longer in the reach, took a decided lead from the first, gradually and surely increasing his advantage in each successive round, very soon gained the first two events—"first blood" and the "knock-down." After fighting six rounds, Donohue tried shifty tactics, but still this did not improve his chance, for Coveney was much the stronger man, and almost invariably caught him as he was going down, and then giving him a friendly hug, very amicably fell on him as he threw him. In the thirteenth round, Donohue stood up and fought determinedly until he was fairly beaten down. After this he fell several times suspiciously, and was cautioned by the referee who still, however, would not decide against him, notwithstanding the appeals of Coveney's seconds, until the thirty-third round, when Donohue planted his left heavily on the body, stepped back, and, on Coveney following, fell deliberately to avoid. Jemmy Norton made another appeal, and the referee decided that Donohue had lost the battle by a deliberate foul, after thirty-three rounds had been fought. Time, 48 min. The winner was not much punished, although Donohue had been very busy at infighting. Donohue was nearly blinded with both eyes, and, bar accident, must have lost the battle had it continued longer. He is a game man, and, no doubt, resorted to shifty tactics to save his friends' money and his own reputation. That he was over-matched there can be no doubt, but if matched again, and that with a man of his own size and weight, it is our firm conviction that the same cautious tactics would not be repeated by him. The manner in which the men were esquired was a treat, reflecting great credit upon the seconds.

FIGHT FOR £5 A SIDE IN THE BIRMINGHAM CIRCUIT.—On Monday last, Caggy Wilson and G. Fitzpatrick, met at King's Norton, about eight miles from Birmingham, to contend, at catch weight, for the above amount. Caggy had for his attendants Tom Allen and Milky (his old opponent). Tom Hurry and a friend waited upon Fitzpatrick, who, on stripping, showed in excellent condition, and, being two inches taller and considerably heavier, the disparity between the two was very great. Against this advantage, the superior generalship of Caggy, who is really one of the best left-handed fighters of the midland counties, made the partisans of both consider the match a very equal one; in proof of which they were backed at evens, but had not contested many rounds when the betting veered round to 2 to 1 on Caggy, but no takers. Caggy first shied his cap into the arena, which was speedily followed by his athletic adversary, who tried every point to get on, but found it no go, Caggy planting on his man as he liked, with scarce a return. In the second round, Caggy sent out a terrific left-hander which landed on the mouth, drawing first blood, and receiving slightly on the ribs. The third and fourth rounds were fought with great gameness, but it was evident Fitzpatrick, notwithstanding his superior bulk and length of reach, was over-matched, as he was unable to get on to his man in anything like an effective manner, while Caggy was as active as a kitten, and doing considerable execution. In the fifth round, Caggy sent his man to grass, thus gaining the second event likewise. From this period up to the fourteenth round, Caggy did what he liked with impunity, and eventually Fitzpatrick's seconds seeing their man was nearly blind, and had no chance, threw up the sponge, and thus ended the contest, clearly proving that strength and weight alone are no match against superior science. Caggy came out of the ring scatheless, while Fitzpatrick was much disfigured about the face, and greatly mortified at his easy defeat, which completely astonished his backers, who had booked the affair as almost a certainty, another practical illustration of the old proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Time, 37 min. 14 rounds.

DAN THOMAS AND JOE NOLAN, £400, AT 8ST. 10LB.—For the above exciting match, deposits to the amount of £185 a side have been duly staked according to the articles, and the final, of £15 a side, has to be posted on Thursday next, at Nat Langham's, the Mitre Tavern, St. Martin's-lane, between the hours of eight and ten P.M. The mill has been postponed for a week, so as not to interfere with Northampton races.

PRESENTATION OF A SILVER CUP TO JEM MACE.—On Saturday evening last, a large number of the admirers of the present Champion attended the large room of Mr. W. Cowburn, Landslane, Leeds, for the purpose of witnessing the presentation of a splendid silver cup, which had been purchased by the friends of Jem Mace in Leeds, and was given to him as a testimonial for his abilities as a pugilist and pedestrian. On the cup being presented to Mace, he acknowledged the gift in a few appropriate expressions, in which he stated that he appreciated the gift, as it was from Yorkshiremen, whom he should always esteem for their invariable kindness to him whenever he visited that county; adding that this presentation from the men of Leeds, the metropolis of the county, would be an additional stimulant to do his utmost to uphold with honor the laurels he already possessed. He then called for the cup to be filled with champagne, which having been done, he drank to the health of the contributors for their kind present. The cup was then handed round, and many toasts were drunk in honor and praise of Jem Mace, the Champion of England. We are informed, during the evening the cup was filled with the same kind of beverage not less than sixty times, at the expense of Jem's admirers, all of whom appeared highly gratified with the proceedings of the evening, and separated at the usual hour.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT FOOT RACE—MATCH FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT AND £50, BETWEEN JOHN BRIGHTON, OF NORWICH, AND W. JONES, OF Islington.—On Monday, March 24, the neighborhood of Old Brompton was a scene of great excitement; vehicles of all descriptions were pouring along the road leading thereto in a continual stream, and by four o'clock between 1,200 and 1,500 persons had assembled at the grounds, to witness the race of four miles, for £25 a side, and the Champion's belt. This belt, some two years since, was given to be run for by Mr. Roberts, and was won by Brighton on Whit Monday, 1860, beating W. Jackson and H. Andrews. The conditions upon which the belt is held are, that the winner shall hold it for the space of eighteen months against all comers, and, should he keep it that time, the belt to become his private property. John White, of Gateshead, gave Brighton but little time to rest on his laurels, for he at once challenged him, and they ran for it on August 27, in the same year, when White was the victor. From that time until last February there has been no race for it, although it has changed hands, and at that time was again held by Brighton, who was challenged by Barker, of Billingsgate. The first meeting of these men came to nothing, for the belt not being (according to conditions) in the hands of Mr. Roberts, Sam refused to start, and the race was postponed until Feb. 3, when Brighton was once more the conqueror. The stipulated eighteen months having nearly expired, a new candidate for the belt was found in W. Jones, of Islington, who has lately shown great form, and the easy manner in which he defeated Barker in a two miles race, about three weeks back, caused him to be much fancied for it. The race on Monday last was set for five o'clock, and, as that hour drew nigh, offers to take 10 to 4 on Brighton were made; but it having oozed out that on Saturday last he pulled up in his trial, beaten at two miles, these offers were not accepted. A few bets at 2 to 1 on him were, however, laid, and at about a quarter past five the men entered the course, Brighton attended by W. Lang and Jesse Smith, and Jones by John Smith (the Regent-street Pet) and Bains. After Brighton had taken his preliminary canter, the betting, from the easy manner in which he went, became a little more brisk, and 2 to 1 was freely offered on him. The referee, Mr. H. Holt, having taken up his post, the men stripped to the buff, each looking fit to run for his life. Brighton having won the toss for choice of sides, placed Jones on his left hand, thus taking the inside. The ground, which was in most excellent condition, is exactly 440 yards round, and had to be traversed sixteen times to complete the distance. On getting the word to go, Brighton dashed off with the lead at a tremendous pace, Jones about a yard in the rear. They ran thus the first lap. In going down the back stretch in the second lap, Jones tried to close on his man, but the Norwich hero would not have it, and again went ahead, and finished that lap a yard in advance. The pace at which the men were now going was very severe, and the spectators loudly cheered them. This seemed to inspire the competitors to redoubled efforts, for, going down the back stretch in the fourth lap, Jones made a desperate spurt, and tried to take the lead; but he did not fairly get to Brighton's shoulder, for on rounding the bottom turn, Brighton made a rush and got some five yards ahead. Coming up the straight, however, Jones again got to his man, and they ran so until two miles had been completed, the interest of the lookers-on being heightened at every stride. On passing along the top of the course in the ninth lap, Jones spread out his arms as if to show that he had his man safe, but Lang seeing this, called upon his man to "go on," and gallantly did he answer it, for he spurted from Jones as though he had been standing still. Jones, however, nothing daunted, stuck to his work manfully; but the pace was too fast for him, and on passing the post for the ninth time he looked much distressed. Brighton, finding this to be the case, made the pace still hotter, and on entering the straight in the tenth lap, poor Jones had to give up, dead beat, leaving Brighton the holder of the proud trophy, which has now become his own. The following is the correct time, taken by Benson's marking chronograph:—

Laps 1	1 m.	1 s.	1 m.	1 s.	Laps 7	1 m	15 s.	8 m.	19 s.
2	1	8	2	9	8	1	17	9	36
3	1	12	3	21	9	1	19	10	55
4	1	11	4	32	10	1	16	12	11
5	1	15	5	47	And the 4 miles in 21			56	
6	1	17	7	4					

PEDESTRIANISM IN AUSTRALIA.—Freeman, of Bathurst, and Webster, of Mudge, ran a race for £100 a side at Sydney, on Friday, Jan. 17th, 1862. Previous to the start, the betting was in favor of Webster, at 100 to 80. Freeman was not in condition, while Webster was in splendid fix. Soon after the start, Webster took the lead and kept it to the end, winning by three yards and three-quarters. The distance in this race is not stated, but, from the time, (fifteen seconds) we should judge it to be 150 yards. At the conclusion of the race, Freeman offered to run Webster 200 yards, for £200; but his banter was not accepted.

THE INDIAN AT OXFORD.—DEERFOOT, BRIGHTON, LANG, AND JACKSON.—Deerfoot, accompanied by the above well-known pedestrians, visited Oxford for the first time on Wednesday, 19th March, when several thousand persons assembled in Mr. Stevens' field, at the back of the Parks, to witness their running in a six mile race. The distance comprised thirty-six rounds, and punctually at the time stated the men appeared, habited in appropriate costume and colors. Deerfoot was scanned with great eagerness, and the impression that prevailed as to his ungainly gait was at once dispelled when he put his limbs into action. The start was easily effected, Jackson going off with the lead, which he maintained for the first lap, Brighton being second, and the Indian third. The second round saw Lang in advance of his competitors, Brighton still keeping the second position, with Deerfoot in the rear. The race as it progressed was marked by the men, with the exception of Jackson, who could not go the pace, alternately taking the lead, Deerfoot generally preferring the back ground, but being always well up. Lang made some fine spurts in the straight running, and many high eulogiums were passed by the spectators on his style of running. Notwithstanding all the ability he appeared to possess, and the untiring efforts of Brighton, the Indian went ahead like a steam engine in the last lap, and although the other men strove hard to catch him, they were unsuccessful, and the feather was seen above the heads of the crowd several yards in advance of them. The race for second place was strenuously contested, and resulted in favor of Lang, although Brighton appeared the favorite for that honor. Jackson, nothing daunted, finished the distance, and although a long way behind, was heartily cheered with the others. During his progress round the course he frequently put on some tremendous spurts, giving some idea of what he could do in days gone by. The time was stated to be about 35 minutes.

JEM MACE AS A PEDESTRIAN.—Salford Borough Gardens were visited on the 20th March by upwards of 500 gentlemen well known on the turf, it having been announced for several days previously that Jem Mace, the Champion of England, would contest a half-mile spin with John White, of Gateshead. The match was for £25 a side, the Champion receiving forty yards start in half a mile, as above. Soon after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Mace appeared in racing gear, accompanied by his diminutive opponent, White. Mr. James Holden, Jr., was referee. On the first attempt a start was effected, Mace spinning away at the top of his speed. White kept gradually creeping on to him, and, on the completion of the first lap, got within ten yards of him. From this point Mace seemed almost beaten, and, on arriving at the straight run home, it became very exciting, both being almost breast and breast; however, Mace just touched the tape, and won by a foot. Immediately afterwards, Jem showed in the wrestling ring with his Champion's belt, the belt for middle-weights, two silver cups, and a splendid tankard. Swankey Greaves appeared next in order, accompanied by two novices of the name of Rooke and Marsh, who gave a good bout at fisticuffs, after which Messrs. Murphy and Donovan stepped into the ring, and had a merry set-to, the wind-up being between Mace and the African Champion, a man of color, standing 6 ft. 1 in., and, judging from the manner in which he stood the give-and-take system with such a master of the art as Mace, we think he may yet be heard of to advantage.

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The fourth, and last for whom I have the space,
Was Isabel, a merry-hearted girl—
With light-brown hair, which strayed adown her face
And ivory neck, in many a wanton curl.
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But many a brain her beauty caused to whirl
With mingled admiration and surprise:
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